THE CHICAGO CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE A. O. H. OF ILLINOIS AND THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

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A. O. H. GOSSIP.

A Pleasant County Reunion of Members of the Order at Aurora, Ill. —Large Attendance of Old and Well-Tried Members— President Keating Speaks.

Interesting Musical and Literary Programme in Which Many of the Brothers Distinguish Themselves.

The Hibernians of Kane county turned out en masse on Sunday, the 28th ult., to participate in a county reunion, held in Aurora. State President J. T. Keating was present in response to a pressing invitation, and found nearly every man interested in the Order for the past eighteen years gathered in the well-furnished A. O. H. hall. It was a pleasant surprise to find so excellent a condition of discipline and progress as was submitted to the State officers. Div. 1 reported over fifty initiations since the State convention, and the material of that young and vigorous quality which, allied with the experience and advice of the older members, means continuity of interest and prosperity. The hall is a very comfortable, well-arranged assembly room, and can accommodate 300 people very comfortably. Among those present were noticed John Coughlin, M. D. Hassett, A. J. Feeney, H. Keeley, Sr., H. Keeley, Jr., O. W. Tighe, Thos. Halton, Ed Mangan, Frank Haggerty, John Loftus, William Flanigan, Thomas Lamb, Daniel Healey, James F. Galvin, James Keeley, James B. Corcoran, John Fenton and many others, numbering about 120 members.

The programme of the day opened with a very interesting address, delivered by the Hon. J. F. Galvin, replete with historical knowledge and expressing a deep appreciation of the efforts of the A. O. H. Mr. Galvin is a student of Irish history and showed himself a close observer of events of past and current times. His noble encouragement of the growth of new ideas spoke in no uncertain terms his sympathy with the evolution of his people from the old to the new development in the work of race. State President Keating spoke on the good of the Order, and expressed himself as much pleased with the good work of County President Coughlin and his co-workers. Brother J. Keeley sang "A Letter From Home" in splendid style and responded to an encore with "The Deacon Went Astray." Brother T. Kelly was loudly applauded in a comic ditty, and was followed by the Aurora Quartette in some amusing medleys. Brother Owen Tighe sang a patriotic song splendidly, and he was followed by the Aurora Rifles' Trio in a sweet rendition of "The Little Brown Cottage," giving for an encore "The Little Church Across the Way." Mr. H. Keeley, Sr., though advanced in years, did not lose any of the fire and vim of youth, rendering "Paudheen Rhue" in a manner worthy of a lad in the early twenties. Brother J. Coughlin, in excellent taste, sang "My Little Ones Are Waiting For Me," and was followed by Brother H. Sullivan with "Erin's Native Hills." Brother Furlong, after a comic song, gave way to Brother Jeremiah Harrington, who rendered some extracts from "Emmet's Speech from the Dock" in good form. Then followed some selections from Moore, Brother J. Maloney rendered "The Old Arm Chair" and Brother McMullen "John Mitchel." The regular programme being exhausted, the chairman called for volunteers, and very interesting additions were made to the evening's pleasant features. I had almost forgotten to note the excellent singing of Brother Frank Hegarty in the quartette and trio. He has a well-trained, sweet voice, which was heard to advantage in the pathetic ballads rendered.

I must congratulate Brothers Coughlin and Hassett—the latter is a past State treasurer—on the splendid showing made by Divisions 1 and 4 of Kane county. It was in keeping with the standing of the county officers' consistent record and does honor to the men who are associated with such able officials. The most encouraging feature was the harmony which prevailed and the interest the old and young men took in the growth of the society. What a contrast between Aurora and Elgin! Yet the latter city has just as much need of such organization as the former.

Don't forget that Div. 5 gives a ball on the 13th inst. at Apollo hall, Twelfth street and Blue Island avenue. Nearly five hundred tickets have been disposed of, and the event promises to be one of great interest to the West Side members.

MOR.

Sacred Heart Alumnæ.

The annual reunion and luncheon of the Sacred Heart Alumnæ Association took place at the academy, No. 485 West Taylor street, on Washington's birthday. The president, Mrs. John C. Carroll, was toastmaster, and delivered the opening address. The toasts were given by Miss Mary Rebecca Gallery, Miss Ada C. Sweet, Miss Joanna Fortune and Miss Sallie G. Gaynor. Between the toasts patriotic songs were beautifully sung by Miss Alice Coffey, accompanied by Miss Kate Coffey. Recitations were given by Miss Marguerite and Mrs. Jean Waldron, and there were violin selection by the Misses Mary Lowry and Mary Bremner. The Alumnæ orchestra played two selections. An exquisite luncheon was served by Kinsley. The officers for the coming year are: President, Mrs. John C. Carroll; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. John T. McEnnis, Miss M. J. Naghten, Miss M. J. Onahan: Recording Secretary, Miss Sallie Gaynor; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Gallery; Treasurer, Miss Alice Moran.

DEATH OF BISHOP GRACE.

Former Prelate of St. Paul Passes Peacefully to His Reward at An Advanced Age.

Most Rev. Thomas L. Grace, formerly Bishop of St. Paul, Minn., died in St. Thomas' hospital, in that city, Feb. 22. The deceased prelate was born in Charleston, S. C., Nov. 16, 1814. At the age of 15 he entered the Catholic seminary in Charleston with the intention of studying for the priesthood. He spent but a year in that school, and then became a member of the Order of St. Dominic in St. Rose's convent, Kentucky. Finally he went to Rome, where he completed his theological course. He was ordained to the priesthood at Rome, Dec. 21, 1839. He spent five years in Europe after his ordination, and then returned to the United States and engaged in missionary work in Kentucky and Tennessee. In Memphis he built the church of SS. Peter and Paul and St. Agnes' convent and orphan asylum.

Upon the death of the Right Rev. Joseph Cretin, the first Bishop of St. Paul, Feb. 22, 1857, Father Grace was chosen to succeed him. It is a strange coincidence that the first and second Bishops of St. Paul died on Washington's birthday, and that the dates are just forty years apart. Bishop Grace was consecrated July 24, 1859, by the late Most Rev. Archbishop Kenrick of St. Louis. In comparison with the present city, St. Paul was but a country village. The financial crash of 1857 was still in full blast. It was not a question of money but of daily bread. This was about the condition of the times when Bishop Grace arrived in St. Paul. Although he had left an elegant home, where life was a pleasure, to take charge of a diocese where all was poverty, he appreciated the situation, in fact, it may be said that he laid aside the robes of his office, rolled up his sleeves and went to work looking after the wants and needs of his people. Under the bishop's care and labor the church in the diocese developed so rapidly that at the end of sixteen years the bishop felt the need of aid, and asked for a coadjutor. It was at this juncture, says the Irish World, that Bishop Grace gave the strongest evidence of the wisdom which had characterized his whole administration. Father John Ireland, who had been ordained by the bishop, had returned from the battlefields, beloved and honored by the veterans who had fought for the Union, and had been appointed rector of the Cathedral of St. Paul. His strong personality forced him to the front rank of the church workers in the great Northwest, and the Pope fully intended to give the young giant work in the vanguard of civilization. He had been selected Vicar Apostolic of Nebraska to succeed Bishop O'Gorman, who had just died, when Bishop Grace made a special journey to Rome to beseech Pope Pius IX. to allow Father Ireland to remain in St. Paul as his coadjutor.

The Pope granted the petition of Bishop Grace, with the result that the Nebraska appointment was recalled and Father Ireland was consecrated Titular Bishop of Maronea and Coadjutor to Bishop Grace of St. Paul, with the right of succession, on Dec. 21, 1875, the fourteenth anniversary of his ordination. Bishop Grace celebrated his episcopal jubilee in 1884, and a week after the event he resigned his office into the hands of Bishop Ireland. At Bishop Ireland's urgent request he continued to reside at the episcopal residence, acting as vicar-general and counselor to his successor. Rome honored him again in 1889, by making him Titular Archbishop of Sinnia, making him equal in rank with his successor, who was raised to the dignity of Archbishop of St. Paul, May 15, 1888. Bishop Grace continued to live at St. Paul and during all these years he has been as a father to the great man, whom he had, in his wisdom, placed over the strong young church of the Northwest.

"Shamus O'Brien" at McVicker's.

Monday night, March 8, McVicker's Theatre will present to Chicagoans one of the latest London and New York successes in the line of opera, "Shamus O'Brien," which is looked upon as one of the most important musical productions of the year. It comes to McVicker's direct from the Broadway Theatre, New York, with the original London cast, scenery and costumes. There will be a chorus of sixty voices, and an orchestra of twenty-five pieces. The cast includes Dennis O'Sullivan, the noted baritone of the Carl Rosa Grand Opera company; Joseph O'Mara, the celebrated tenor of the Royal English Opera company and also Covent Garden; Reginald Robert, E. G. Cunningham, Miss Lucy Carr Shaw, Miss Marvin, Miss Annie Roberts and others. There will be Saturday matinees only during the engagement, with a special matinee on St. Patrick's Day.

VALOR AND BEAUTY.

Brilliant Military Reception and Ball Given by the Officers and Ladies of Fort Sheridan in Honor of Major-General Wesley Merritt.

Picturesque and Stirring Decorations, Which Recalled Many Glorious Campaigns Participated in by the "Fighting Fourth" Infantry and Other Organizations.

Col. Robert H. Hall and his officers of the "Fighting Fourth" regiment gave a reception and ball Thursday night of last week at Fort Sheridan to Maj.-Gen. Wesley Merritt. The ball was the first one given by the Fourth regiment to its department commander since it was transferred from the west and it was probably the grandest and most brilliant that has ever been held at Fort Sheridan. Guests were present from Chicago, Milwaukee, Evanston, Highland Park, Waukegan, Lake Forest, Joliet, St. Paul, Fort Snelling and Galesburg. Three special cars were attached to the fast train that leaves Chicago at 8 o'clock on the Northwestern road to take the guests from Chicago and Evanston.

At 12:30 assembly was sounded and half an hour later a special train carried the Chicago and Evanston guests homeward. It was not until 6 o'clock, however, when the reveille was sounded, that the last notes of music of the orchestra died away after the last dance.

The ball was held in the officers' club house. The decorations were lavish and superb. Everywhere were displayed the nation's colors, red and blue streamers, and flags drooped from every vantage point and at every turn there were grim suggestions of war.

In the ballroom especially were the decorations striking. To the left of the entrance were the insignia of the battery of the Second artillery. Two long sponge and rammer staffs were crossed over the national banner and below was placed a "fifth wheel." A festoon of artillery sabers completed the artillery piece. Beyond was the cavalry piece. There was an old standard which the troop had long carried, a shield of national colors and crossed sabers.

Across the hall was the infantry display. There were six national standards arranged in a festoon. One of them was an old one with the names of the engagements in which the Fourth had participated since it entered the service. The list looked like a military history of the nation. There were Tippecanoe, Magnago, Plattsburg, three engagements in the Seminole war, Matamoras, Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey, Contreras, Churubusco, Molino del Rey, Chapultepec, the City of Mexico, four Indian engagements in the west, and in the civil war, Gaines' Mills, Malvern Hill, Bull Run, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, Laurel Hill, Spottsylvania, North Anna river, Cold Harbor, Bethesda church, Popotomail creek, Petersburg, Weldon railroad, Chapel house and Appomattox.

On the stage were two improved Hotchkiss cannon and six stands of guns. There were silk sashes on these, on which were painted the names of the battles in which Gen. Merritt had received his brevets. They were Gettysburg, Yellow Tavern, Hawes Show, Winchester, Five Forks and Appomattox.

The music was furnished by the Fourth regiment band, which was stationed in an alcove built outside the room.

The committee of arrangements was Capt. J. A. Leyden, Lieut. George Duncan, Lieut. D. E. Holly and Lieut. Walter Whitman. Col. Hall was ill, threatened with an attack of pneumonia, and Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. C. H. Cook did the honors of the occasion, acting with Gen. Merritt as a reception committee. At 9:30 the band played the first number, "The Military Lancers."

Maj.-Gen. Wesley Merritt was accompanied by the following members of his staff: Lieut. H. C. Hale, Lieut.-Col. A. Hartsuff, Lieut.-Col. G. W. Candee, Maj. W. L. Marshall, Lieut. J. E. Maxfield, Lieut. L. H. Strother, Lieut. T. B. Mott.

The following officers of the fort and their wives were present: Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. C. H. Cook, Maj. and Mrs. C. Lippicott, Maj. and Mrs. C. D. Viele, Maj. and Mrs. G. S. Carpenter, Capt. and Mrs. J. W. Bubb, Capt. and Mrs. B. D. Price, Capt. and Mrs. G. S. Grimes, Capt. and Mrs. G. O. Webster, Capt. and Mrs. R. P. Wainwright, Capt. and Mrs. C. Woodruff, Capt. and Mrs. H. E. Robinson, Capt. and Mrs. S. A. Wulf, Capt. and Mrs. J. A. Leyden, Capt. and Mrs. D. E. McCarthy, Lieut. and Mrs. E. H. Browne, Lieut. and Mrs. F. B. Andrus, Lieut. and Mrs. Charles McQuistan, Lieut. and Mrs. A. H. Brown, Lieut. and Mrs. G. B. Duncan, Lieut. and Mrs. D. E. Holley, Lieut. and Mrs. M. S. Jarvis, Lieut. and Mrs. J. S. Switzer, Lieut. and Mrs. F. T. Stetson, Lieut. and Mrs. W. M. Whitman, Lieut. and Mrs. R. R. Stogdall, Capt. William Stephenson, Capt. C. Mason, Capt. L. A. Lovering, Lieut. L. Ostheim, Lieut. John Conklin, Lieut. P. G. Lowe, Lieut. J. C. Castner, Lieut. R. C. Williams, Lieut. O. R. Farr, Lieut. Joseph Knowlton, Lieut. Daniel Duncan.

Others present were Messrs. and Mmes. W. B. Bogart, W. S. Brewster, Calvin Cobb, J. Chapman, A. Kramer, W. Fish, Daniel Fales, John F. Finerty, E. S. Adams, Frederick Arnd, M. C. Brown, G. D. Boulton, J. A. Battle, John C. Black, T. B. Blackstone, F. S. Boynton, John F. Bacon, F. C. Brown, Frank Brown, F. Gregory, C. W. Green, M. D. Hardin, A. Goodrich, Henry Hooper, G. Hughson, M. M. Kirkman, Keene, J. G. C. Lee, G. McDonald, C. McCormick, W. McCauley, H. McCormick, D. McBirney, Miles Nixon, J. F. Noyes, G. H. Palmer, D. Robinson, I. S. Ramsey, J. S. Runnels, Phillip Reade, R. J. Street, O. M. Smith, W. A. Steele, T. G. Troxel, Francis Thorne, W. W. Tracy, Peter Vroom, C. Winchester, Woodruff, L. G. Yoe.

Misses M. Abbott, Brown, E. Caruthers, Chapman, Dibbler, Mary Dana, Ida Drew, Georgia Douglas, Fales, H. Ferris, Elizabeth Foot, Gregory, Hughson, Lydia Hobert, Isham, May Jones, Kirkman, Harriet Long, M. Merriwether, Blanche Niede, Nelson, Emma Ovens, Madeline Noyes, Ethel Page, Ramsey, Edith Parker, Peck, Annie Rogers, K. Scudder, Charlotte Silsbee, Willing, Helen Wakem, B. Wentworth, S. Winterbotham, Hennessy, Yoe.

Messrs. Boulton, O. Babcock, E. E. Crutchfield, Chapman, Dudley, G. K. Davol, L. De Golyer, A. D. Erskine, E. Griswold, W. W. Gates, R. F. Hall, Edward Hagar, W. D. Heise, E. S. Isham, H. Johnston, Lee Jones, Col. Charles King, Kirkman, Wm. Lyon, J. W. Lowe, G. W. Montgomery, G. I. McBride, D. A. Marsh, W. S. Page, Capt. G. Pabst, Rumsey, H. R. Rathbone, A. Scudder, H. Sommers, Kinney Smith, S. Sturges, S. W. Stevens, Stuart Shepard, Capt. T. TenEyck, H. H. Walker, D. Wilkinson, Jr., Ernest Walker, F. Winchester, R. Winchester, J. Whiteside, E. J. Williams, H. Woodruff, Capt. Davis.

Supper was served on the main floor after 10:30 o'clock.

ON THE LITTLE CALUMET.

[Undeterred by the continued killing and wounding of their gamekeepers by the farmer-poachers, the members of the Tolleston club of Chicago, at their meeting at the Sherman house last week, decided that they would not abandon or sell their game preserves on the Little Calumet river.]

Fame you may court with tales of sport
  By stream or in forest glade—
The fish you caught, the game you got,
  The wonderful bags you made—
But sport's true test but rarely yet
  You shall never find or get
Till you take a day with the Tollestons gay
  On the Little Calumet!

On Afric veldt, girt with cartridge belt,
  You have hunted the fleet emu,
And harried hard o'er Australian sward
  The long jumping kangaroo,
You've tried many a ruse on Canadian moose,
  For beaver your traps you've set;
But you'll think such joys fit only for boys
  If you visit the Calumet.

The lion you've faced on the desert waste,
  The tiger within his lair;
You've glared in the jaws and nigh felt the claws
  Of an angry grizzly bear;
With an empty gun and no place to run,
  A catamount fierce you've met;
All, all falls short of the thrilling sport
  On the banks of the Calumet.

Pain may be wrought by poignant thought
  Of distant friends and home,
When the hoosiers grim line up with vim
  And their bullets whistling come;
When a watchman falls 'fore the deadly balls
  And the grass with gore is wet,
At each sharp report grows hotter the sport
  By the Little Calumet.

Nimrod the great was a tenderfoot skate,
  His perils, you'll think, were few,
As you careful aim at the whirring game,
  While the farmers aim at you;
And you don't know whether 'tis fur or feather
  Or a buckshot charge you'll get,
Such sportive thrill will your bosom fill
  In the marsh by the Calumet.

So leave the bear in his mountain lair
  The tiger in jungle lone;
Let the kangaroo and the fleet emu
  Enjoy the desert ozone;
You've no longer use for the Canadian moose,
  Such trifles you'll quite forget
Once you range the scrub with the Tolleston Club
  On the Little Calumet.

P. G. SMYTH, in The Observer.

Home-Seekers' Excursions.

March 2 and 16, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway will sell round trip excursion tickets from Chicago to a great many points in the Western and Southwestern States, both on its own line and elsewhere, at greatly reduced rates. Details as to rates, routes, etc., may be obtained on application to any coupon ticket agent or by addressing F. A. MILLER, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

O'MALLEY'S FRIENDS.

Great Mass Meeting, Including All Creeds and "Previous Nationalities," Held at North Side Turner Hall to Denounce the Outrage Committed on the Vindicated Alderman.

Stirring Speeches by Many Leading Citizens—Resolutions Denunciatory of Culpable Officials Read by Justice Walter J. Gibbons and Adopted by the Meeting.

(*Condensed from Daily Papers, Feb. 26.*)

If ever a man had true friends that man is Ald. Thomas J. O'Malley, said the Times-Herald of Feb. 26.

If ever a man was hated with a fierce hatred founded on friendship for O'Malley that man is Police Inspector Michael J. Schaack.

Cheers for the first; hisses for the second.

These distinguished a meeting at the North Side Turner Hall last night.

State's Attorney Deneen and his assistant, H. R. Pearson, were also recipients of the hisses. But Inspector Schaack was the bete noir of the meeting, and he was the most denounced man in Cook county last night.

Resolutions called on Mayor Swift to discharge Schaack from the police service, and called on the state's attorney to dismiss Pearson.

The meeting was made up of sympathizers with Ald. Thomas J. O'Malley in his recent fight for his life against the accusations of Inspector Schaack that he had killed Gustav Colliander on the morning after election in November, 1894. The mild-mannered alderman of the twenty-third ward was a hero last night. Those on the platform were:

John S. Cooper, William H. Lyman, Ald. Kiolbassa, Jas. Conlan, Walter T. Mills, W. H. Hersley, Charles O. Crane, Dr. Burlingham, Thomas E. Gavin, Henry Sullivan, William Hudson, M. J. Keane, P. Loftus, Thomas H. Cannon, J. H. Sullivan, D. Lynch, Edward Keeffe, P. Hennessey, F. Headen, J. T. Keating, Edward Ryan, P. Dougherty, P. O'Malley, W. Hurley, jr., M. Naughton, Jas. H. Dole, K. Nelson, Jos. Lamb, H. Muller, J. M. Sullivan, Joseph F. Conlan, Father Dore.

Justice Mahoney, as permanent chairman, recalled in an apt speech the characteristics of Ald. O'Malley. Whenever he referred to Inspector Schaack the audience hissed heartily. He stamped the testimony in the recent trial as false and malicious. He said the jury was composed of twelve honest men and declared the audience had come together as lovers of liberty and desirous of vindicating the right.

George Muller was the first speaker introduced by Chairman Mahoney. He said that he was a Protestant and as such he protested against the alliance of Protestantism with secret political organizations. He was interrupted by prolonged cheers, and then continuing he protested against the alleged alliance of Protestantism with such an organization as was pointed out as in collusion with the conspiracy against O'Malley. The body of Protestants, he said, revolted at such a thought. He concluded his speech by saying: "You cannot obliterate the stain that rests on the prosecution and on the police department which are guilty of this great wrong."

Walter Thomas Mills made a speech that brought the enthusiasm of the meeting to a high pitch. He said he had no personal acquaintance with Ald. O'Malley, but, he added, "the whole city knows him now as the victim of a most damnable conspiracy. In the worst light in which his enemies were able to place him he stands out as a man whom I should respect and love."

In reviewing the case he said he observed that the prosecution first found a revolver, then a stenographer whom they could not bribe, then an innocent man whom they could not strangle, then a court which they could not corrupt. "Now," he added, "these men have found a city they can no longer disgrace by official place and power. Schaack, and the work of Schaack, have been unable to fasten a single stain on the fair name and fame of Ald. O'Malley."

Charles D. Wells was introduced as a messenger from Mayor Swift. He said the mayor was anxious to have attended the meeting, but found it impossible to do so, and had him sent to convey his regrets. A message was read from ex-Judge Thomas A. Moran saying he was taken ill at 6 o'clock and would be unable to be present.

Justice Gibbons then read the following resolutions, which were adopted with prolonged cheers:

WHEREAS, An innocent and inoffensive citizen in the person of Ald. Thomas J. O'Malley was taken from his family and home to answer to an indictment procured by perjured testimony; and

WHEREAS, A jury of his peers without delay acquitted him of the terrible crime with which he was charged, and which his friends and neighbors knew him to be incapable of committing; and

WHEREAS, It developed in his trial that several members of the police force, which we as citizens and taxpayers pay to protect us, swore falsely to effect the conviction, aided by an assistant in the state's attorney's office, of an innocent man; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we condemn the grand jury system as a relic of barbarism which should be abolished; and

Resolved, That the thanks of the community are due to the twelve honest jurors who acted with such fidelity and clearness.

Resolved, That we, citizens of Chicago, belonging to the several shades of political and religious beliefs, as well as nationalities, do most emphatically protest against this perversion of power, which if not checked would make the lives and liberties of our law-abiding citizens unsafe, and we respectfully recommend that a committee of twenty-five be appointed to wait upon his honor the mayor, or other authorities, and request them to discharge from the police force of the city of Chicago Michael J. Schaack, Patrolman Nicholas Michaels and Police Operator Gustav Smith, for the good of the service, and that it be a further duty of said committee to wait upon State's Attorney Deneen and request him to discharge Haynie R. Pearson as one of his assistants; and be it further

Resolved, That we most heartily congratulate our esteemed fellow citizen and neighbor over his splendid vindication.

Ald. Kiolbassa, says the Chronicle report, followed in a strong speech, in which he said he brought the sympathy of the Polish citizens to Ald. O'Malley and a message of congratulation on his complete vindication.

John T. Keating was the next speaker. He paid a high tribute to Ald. O'Malley, and severely arraigned the men who sought his conviction.

Ald. Gallagher of the nineteenth ward was introduced by Chairman Mahoney.

"I come," he said, "as the representative of a body of which Thomas J. O'Malley was a respected member, and I come to bring this meeting the assurance that the body has always believed in the innocence of Ald. O'Malley, and has regarded his arrest and the manner of his prosecution as a stigma upon the repute of the city of Chicago. I come, furthermore, to say that as an alderman of the city council of Chicago I, and not I alone, stand ready to help forward any purpose that may be conceived in this meeting to in a small measure right the wrong that has been done my friend and colleague, even though that purpose may be launched against those high in authority. I believe that no greater injustice, wrong and outrage was ever perpetrated upon a citizen of this city than was perpetrated upon Mr. O'Malley."

When the cheers, long drawn out and hearty, which greeted Ald. Gallagher's speech had died away, Lewis Adams, a West sider, and a former city employe under ex-Mayor Cregier, was introduced. He struck home to the hearts of his audience by his first sentence: "I, too," he said, "am the father of motherless children, and I tell you friends and fellow citizens, that whoever without cause tears such a protector away ranks lower than the beasts. We are not here to congratulate Mr. O'Malley, but to congratulate ourselves that the law and right and common decency have triumphed yet another time."

Knute Nelson was the last speaker. "As a Swedish-American," he said, "I am in this meeting to raise my voice against the iniquity. American citizenship is the greatest boon that can come to any imported being (laughter), and if any born American is bigoted enough to belong to a secret religious-political organization he is not worthy of citizenship."

Before Mr. Nelson was well seated, Chairman Mahoney was on his feet calling for three cheers for Ald. O'Malley. They came with a right royal will, each in turn more thunderous. People began to leave the hall, but a gray-haired man stepped to the front of the platform and demanded silence. The man was P. O'Donnell. "I have one other toast we should give," he shouted. "Here it is and give it well: "Three groans for Deneen, Pearson and Schaack."

A hollow groan, thrice repeated, emerging from 3,000 throats sent its ominous message toward the East Chicago avevue police station.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss
LUCAS COUNTY. }

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

SEAL

A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of five cents per loaf.

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MESSAGES FROM LEE.

WHAT HE CABLED ABOUT AMERICANS IN CUBAN PRISONS.

Consul General Evidently Very Angry—Wanted to Know if There Were Any Warships Handy, and Said He "Must Start" if Not Sustained—Cases of Scott, Scovel and Casanas—Former's Case Peculiarly Outrageous.

Washington, March 2. — President Cleveland yesterday sent to the senate correspondence relating to American citizens arrested in Cuba. The most important are the telegrams in the case of Charles Scott, which are as follows, being telegrams sent by Consul General Fitzhugh Lee to the state department. No replies from the state department are given in this case. On Feb. 20 Lee telgraphed as follows to the state department: "Charles Scott, a citizen of the United States, arrested at Regla. No charge given. Been without communication jail Havana 264 hours. Cannot stand another Ruiz murder, and have demanded his release. How many war vessels Key West or within reach and will they be ordered here at once, if necessary to sustain demand.

"LEE."

On the 23d he said in a cable message: "Situation simple. Experience at Guanabacoa made it my duty to demand before too late that another American who had been incommunicado twenty-four hours be released from said incommunicado, and did so in courteous terms. If you support it and Scott is so released the trouble will terminate. If you do not I must depart. All others arrested with Scott have been put in communication. Why should the only American in the lot not be? He has been incommunicado now 338 hours.

"LEE."

Prisoner Was Inhumanly Treated.

Later on the same day the 23d ult. Lee wired: "Demand complied with. Scott released from incommunicado today on demand, after fourteen days' solitary confinement in cell 5 feet by 11; damp, water on bottom of cell. Not allowed anything to sleep on or chair. Discharges of the body removed once in five days. Was charged with having Cuban postage stamps in the house. Scott says went always twelve hours without water; once two days. He was employe of American Gas company."

The most voluminous correspondence is that in the case of Sylvester Scovel, correspondent of the New York World, who was arrested on Feb. 5. The documents furnished show that Lee promptly notified the state department and that Olney responded immediately, directing him to see that all of Scovel's rights as an American citizen were protected.

No Complaint as to Scovel.

The letters and telegrams in this case run from the 5th to the 19th of Febuary, when Lee wired that a competent lawyer had been secured to defend Scovel. He had said previously that he did not anticipate serious trouble in this case, but later changed his opinion. "It is supposed Scovel bore incriminating papers, which gives the case a more serious aspect." On the 11th of February General Lee said that Scovel was in a well ventilated cell and that he had good food and a bed at Sancti Spiritus, to which he added: "Treaty rights have been respected. Is in hands civil jurisdiction. I have sent messenger to report case."

ARREST OF F. J. CASANAS.

Reason for His Imprisonment Not Stated—Senate Much Interested.

General Lee tried to have Scovel removed from Sancti Spiritus to Havana, but failed. The remaining case covered is that of F. J. Casanas, arrested Feb. 13, but on what charge does not appear. General Lee's first information to the state department was contained in a telegram of Feb. 17. In this dispatch he conveys the information of the arrest, which he says took place at Sagua, and says the consul's report will follow, adding: "Proceedings a great outrage. Similar cases here and elsewhere on the island. Redress can be obtained here." On the 25th General Lee stated in reply to a message from the state department that Casanas had resided at Sagua when arrested and that he had registered at Havana as an American in 1872.

The presence of the message on the clerk's desk was noised about before it was formally laid before the senate and many senators called to read it previous to its being read by the clerk. There was especial interest in the case of Scott, the telegrams relating to whose case Morgan had read for the information of the senate. There was especial comment upon the trivial character of the charge against Scott—that of having Cuban postage stamps in his house, and General Lee's attitude was generally remarked upon by the pro-Cubans in most eulogistic terms. Evidently the near approach of the end of the session prevented the precipitation of another Cuban debate.

Key West, March 1.—Julio Sanguilly has arrived from Havana by the steamship Mascotte. He was at first indisposed to say anything further than what would express his lasting gratitude to Consul General Fitzhugh Lee, whom he described as a truly noble American and a man who should long ago have been in Cuba." Had he been there years ago," Sanguilly exclaimed, "there would have been less shedding of American blood." He was very much agitated as he expressed his feeling toward Consul General Lee. As to how he was treated during his confinement he begged earnestly not to be compelled to recall his experience during the last two years.

Warrant for an Ex-Treasurer.

Omaha, Neb. March 1.—A special to The Bee from Lincoln says: At noon Saturday a warrant for the arrest of ex-Treasurer J. S. Bartley was sworn out by Attorney General Smythe and placed in the hands of Sheriff Trompen, of Lancaster county, for service. There are fourteen counts in the complaint and summed up they sharge Bartley with embezzling state funds to the aggregate amount of $537,762.93. Bartley gave himself up.

Statement of the Public Debt.

Washington, March 2.—The monthly statement of the public debt issued yesterday shows that the debt on Feb. 28, less cash in the treasury, was $1,012,600,454, an increase for the month of $4,592,137.

THE WEEK IN CONGRESS.

Synopsis of the Proceedings of the National Lawmakers.

Washington, Feb. 26.—The senate spent the whole day in red hot debate on the Sanguilly case in Cuba and the result was that on a roll-call the Sanguilly resolution was given precedence over the appropriation bills—40 to 27. A night session was held, but no progress made on the Indian bill, though one or two bills of small importance were passed. The Sanguilly resolution is first today and the appropriation bills are in peril.

The house agreed to conference reports on the agricultural and army bills, and passed a bill authorizing national banks to take out currency equal to the par value of their bonds. Sulzer of New York introduced a bill declaring war with Spain.

Washington, Feb. 27.—The senate devoted most of the day to the Sanguilly case, which was finally laid aside. A resolution was adopted asking for information of the arrest in Cuba of George Washington Aguirre, captured in Cuba, an American citizen. A resolution asking for information about the Dr. Ruiz case of the death in prison was objected to. At a night session the Indian bill was passed and the postoffice bill taken up.

Washington, March 1.—The senate was in session, with the exception of two hours' recess, from Saturday at 11 a. m. to Sundy morning at 2:30, when it took recess to meet at 3 p. m yesterday. During this time it passed the postoffice and sundry civil bills, the latter carrying more than $51,000,000. An amendment was agreed to unanimously rescinding the president's recent order setting aside 21,000,000 acres of land in the west for forest reserves. The sugar bounty clause was agreed to.

The house Saturday passed the anti-scalping bill which makes it a misdemeanor for scalpers to sell cut-rate tickets. Some other bills of minor importance were passed.

Washington, March 2.—The senate pressed steadily forward on the appropriation bills yesterday, making such progress that no further apprehension is felt as to the passage of these great fiscal measures. The District of Columbia bill was passed early in the day. The naval bill brought out a hot contest on the price of armor plate and the senate committee had recommended a maximum price of $400 a ton. This was reduced to $300 and the bill passed at midnight. There was a very acrimonious controversy between Tillman and Hawley, the former having charged that there were boodlers in the senate, which the latter denounced as false.

The house sent the sundry civil and postoffice bills to conference and passed some measures of no particular importance generally. An attempt to pass the bill prohibiting "graphic" reports of prize fights failed and the bill went over as unfinished business. The argument against the bil was that it established a press censorship. A bill was passed to provide for the transmission to Washington of presidential election returns by mail. The bill abolishes the system of messengers now employed.

WHEELMEN FINISH THEIR CONTEST.

Schinneer Wins First Place, with Miller Second, at Chicago.

Chicago, March 1.—The closing hours of the international six-day bicycle race were wild with enthusiasm. Fully 20,000 people crowded Tattersalls. The cheering of the spectators aroused the remaining contestants to renewed efforts. Hannant, the fireman, had dropped out of the race at 2:30 p. m. Saturday, being thrown from his wheel after riding 1,480 miles. He lacking 120 miles of having enough to secure a prize for his long, weary ride. At 10:05 Fred Schinneer, of Germany, was declared the champion long distance rider of the world, lacking 122 miles of coming up with Hale's Madison Square Garden record. While the physical condition of the riders who finished looked discouraging to the future of six-day racing, the men were not considered in a serious condition.

Fred Schinneer, the winner, says he feels strong and in healthy condition, and that with a little sleep and rest he will be able to defend the title just won. He will leave in ten days for an extended trip through the south, and upon his return to Chicago will enter college with money won for graduation as a mechanical engineer. Iliff, the "no-legged" rider, covered 461 miles. The final score was: Schinneer, 1,788 miles, 4 laps; Miller, 1,764 miles, 1 lap; Ashinger, 1,727, miles; Lawson, 1,707 miles, 1 lap; Hansen, 1,603 miles, 3 laps.

Senators Compliment Stevenson.

Washington, March 1.—The senate Saturday evening, through a committee consisting of Hoar, Cullom, Blackburn, Carter, McMillan, Gorman, Faulkner, Brice, Bacon, Jones of Arkansas, Murphy, Elkins and Chandler, presented to Vice President Stevenson in his apartments at the Normandie a handsome and valuable silver table service. It is inscribed as follows: "To Adlai E. Stevenson, vice of president of the United States and president of the senate. 1893-1897. From members of the senate in token of the strict impartiality, unfailing courtesy, and unsurpassed wisdom and discretion which, in the discharge of his high office, have endeared him to the senate and earned for him the gratitude of the American people."

The Base Ball Magnates.

Baltimore, Feb. 27.—The second day's session of the annual spring meeting of the National League and American Association of Base Ball clubs met at 11 a. m. yesterday at the Hotel Rennert. The Rusie case was thoroughly ventilated, the board taking New York's end of the case. The national board of control was increased from four to six. The date of the annual meeting of the board was changed to the first Friday after the second Tuesday in November.

Disastrous Blazes at Aurora.

Aurora, Ind., March 1. — Fire destroyed the Aurora chair factory yesterday. Loss, $20,000; partly insured. Later fire destroyed the Wymond cooper shop, an immense establishment. Loss, $80,000; insurance $40,000. The two fires throw 500 operatives out of employment.

Chicago Republican Convention.

Chicago, Feb. 27.—The Republican city convention yesterday afternoon nominated Judge Nathaniel C. Sears for mayor on the first ballot. Charles Gross was nominated for city treasurer.

POURING INTO WASHINGTON.

Estimates That There Will Be 225,000 Strangers at the Inauguration.

Washington, March 2.— The railroads are pouring inaugural visitors into town and with bunting flaring from innumerable windows the city is fairly alive to the fact that inauguration day is at hand. Today the new president and vice president will reach the city and from that time on special trains will pour soldiers, clubs and private citizens into town every hour of the day or night until noon of March 4th. Should the estimates of the several railways running into Washington hold good there will be a crowd of 225,000 strangers in the city for the 4th of March.

At the White House matters are being arranged with as much care and as little disturbance as possible. Mrs. Cleveland returned from Princeton last evening and will be at the White House till the evening of March 4 to assist Mr. Cleveland in social functions. It has been arranged that Major and Mrs. McKinley wil be the guests of the president and Mrs. Cleveland at dinner this evening, so that the first meal the president-elect will take in Washington will be at the White House.

Canton, O., March 2.—It was indeed a beautiful and impressive scene that Canton presented last evening when her citizens bade farewell to Major and Mrs. McKinley as they entered the special train in waiting to convey them to Washington. The people of the city seemed to have turned out en masse to do honor to the distinguished neighbors and friends who have so long been regarded with the greatest love and esteem, and who by the honors they have won in the nation have done so much to attract favorable attention to Canton. No lines were drawn in the large concourse of people which followed the McKinley carriage to the train and surrounded the station to mingle their cheers in the mighty round which echoed above the din of the train as it disappeared in the east.

Pittsburg, March 2.—The train bearing President-elect McKinley and party reached here just before midnight, and at that hour exactly preceeded on its trip east. All along the line from Canton here there were crowds cheering at all the stations and at many bonfires burning. Here the major was met by a large crowd and made a brief speech. As the train pulled out from this city the travelers were preparing to retire for the night.

RASCAL IN THE BROTHERHOOD.

Railway Firemen Worried Over a Swindle in Traveling Cards.

Indianapolis, March 2.—Anent rumors of wrong-doings within the ranks of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, which has a membership of 22,000, The News says: The story is that there is a discrepancy in the books, the result of a former administration. It is asserted that a former member of the brotherhood has been selling traveling cards to railroad men and ex-railroad men. These cards, it is asserted, are recognized by many railroads, and the holders of them are allowed to ride free on the trains. The result is that the man has been able to secure a comfortable sized sum of money.

This man has not yet been found by the detectives. The grand lodge, to prevent further counterfeiting of traveling cards, adopted a perforating device, but this has been counterfeited also, as large sums of money have been received by a gang of skilled operators. At the last session of the grand lodge is was discovered that there were some errors in the accounts. A former member of the brotherhood, who is well known, is accused of issuing or permitting the issuance of warrants for the payment of persons who were not on the pay rolls.

NOTHING SMALL ABOUT NEVADA.

When She Goes in for Anything It Is for the Whole Concern.

Carson, Nev., March 2.—Assemblyman Tim Dempsey proposes to introduce a bill in the legislature within the next few days asking for an appropriation of $3,000 for the purpose of having made a gorgeous belt of silver with diamonds of the great fistic battle. The bill is being drawn up at the present time and it provides that the secretary of state shall deliver the belt on the 18th of March, along with a certificate and affidavit notifying the world of the significance of the trophy. It is intended to have on the belt a reproduction of the official seal of Nevada, and a facsimile of the signature of Governor Sadler to the approval of the measure.

Corbett says that he expects to tip the scales at 165 pounds when he fights "Lanky Bob." Speaking of Fitzsimmons' weight he says: "His dropping back into the middleweight class for this occassion looks to me like looking for a soft place to fall. He scents defeat and wants to be prepared to say when the fight is over: "Oh, Corbett only licked a middleweight. I am still champion of my class."

McCook Will Not Be In.

New York, Feb. 27.—The Commercial-Advertiser says: "Colonel John J. McCook, will not be New York's representative in the next president's cabinet. Colonel McCook, it is announced, has been considering an offer to enter the cabinet as secretary of the interior and has declined the honor. Senator-elect Platt was informed by Colonel McCook of his intention. The department of justice alone had attractions for Colonel McCook and when McKinley decided to make Judge McKenna his attorney general Colonel McCook thankfully declined preferment in any other capacity in the cabinet.

New Revenue Law for Iowa.

Des Moines, Ia., March 1.—The ways and means committees of both houses in conference have agreed on a new revenue law, including many new provisions. Both houses have adjourned until Tuesday on account of the municipal elections to be held. The house passed the bill to permit the manufacture of liquor by a vote of 52 to 46. The house refused to pass an amendment making liquor bills collectable.

Examination for State Inspectors.

Springfield, Ill., Feb. 27.—Colonel J. D. Roper, of Springfield, has been appointed assistant secretary of the Illinois board of laobr statistics for the ensuing four years. The board of state mine examiners is sending out notices calling for a state examination of the state inspectors of coal mines for the seven districts in the state to be held here March 9.

STATE LEGISLATURE.

WHAT THE LAWMAKERS ARE DOING AT SPRINGFIELD.

Proceedings in the Senate and House Boiled Down—Bills and Resolutions Introduced and Other Matters of Interest to the People of the State.

Springfield, Ills., Feb. 24.—In the senate, save the introduction of a large number of bills, very little was done yesterday. One of the bills provides for a board of three assessors in each county to be elected for two, three and six years, respectively. Bills were passed: Appropriating $2,264.40 for balance due the members of the state board of equalization for sessions of 1895 and 1896; providing for the holding of an additional term of court in Boone county; appropriating $900 for a deficit in the state board of arbitration.

In the house the bill providing for the consolidation of the state supreme court at Springfield was amended so as to consolidate it at Ottawa and passed—66 to 62. An attempt to reconsider the vote on the Revell libel law repeal bill was declared out of order.

Springfield, Feb. 25.—The senate yesterday passed the bill appropriating $31,000 to furnish the G. A. R. memorial hall in the Chicago library building. A number of bills were introduced, among them a local option bill for towns of less than 15,000 population, and another appropriating $437,650 to complete the insane asylum at Peoria.

The house defeated the resolution to adjourn during the inauguration week—100 to 19. A revenue bill was introduced that exempts all G. A. R. property from taxation, and taxes all mortgages, exempting property covered by mortgages. A bill was introduced permitting newspapers to refuse to tell where they get information, even to a legislative committee, and another forbidding the cutting of ice for domestic uses from waters containing any deleterious matter. The house defeated the bill authorizing the governor to borrow $250,000—69 to 41. The bill is now dead.

Springfield Ills., Feb. 26.—The senate held a brief session yesterday of fifteen minutes' duration. Two bills were advanced to third reading, and several introduced, among them one fixing a maximum fare of 3 cents on all street car lines outside of Chicago, and providing that the man in charge of the motive power on such cars shall be employed not longer than ten hours each day. The senate has practically adjourned until after inauguration, many of the senators intending to go to Washington.

In the house a bill was introduced authorizing the governor to borrow $250,000, confining the loan to the present emergency. A bill to regulate the selling of grain, aimed at boards of trade, etc.; one to regulate the sale of intoxicating liquors, and one to regulate the manufacture of wearing apparel were introduced; another bill provides that persons selling articles on the installment plan shall not be permitted to take back into their possession any article so sold by process of law, unless they refund to the buyer 75 per cent. of the money paid. The legislature has now been in session eight weeks and hasn't passed an important bill, while over 500 have been introduced.

Springfield, Ills., Feb. 27.—The senate was in session five minutes yesterday with scarcely a quorum present. Four bills were introduced, one providing that children between the ages of 7 and 14 years shall attend school at least sixteen weeks in the year.

Roll call in the house showed but fifty-nine members present, but as no one made objections business was proceeded with, and a resolution adopted giving until March 19 next for more bills to be introduced. Some bills were advanced. No business is likely to be done next week.

Springfield, Ills., March 2.—The house and senate held perfunctory sessions yesterday, and adjournment was taken to tomorrow. No business was transacted.

Winners at School Oratory.

Bloomington, Ills., March 1.—The second annual oratorical contest of the State Normal school was held Saturday at Normal. The decision of the judges gave Chester M. Echols, of McLeansboro, first place. His subject was "Destiny of Religion." The prize of $100 and a gold medal goes to the winner. Albert B. Wolfe, of Normal, second; Walter F. Pike, of Normal, third.

Illinois Railway Commission.

Springfield, Ills., March 2.—The railroad and warehouse commission has set April 8 as the date to hear arguments and petitions filed by stock shippers against railroads as to discrimination in shipping rates. Hearings will be held here.

Crackmen Fail to Get the Cash.

Golden, Ills., March 1.—Crackmen wrecked the private bank of H. H. Emmings yesterday morning about 3 o'clock, with dynamite, but failed to force the inner vault, containing a large sum of money.

Illinois Party Leader Dying.

Quincy, Ills., March 2.—Senator Albert W. Wells, chairman of the Democratic caucus and steering committee, and a leader of his party at Springfield, is dying at his home here of liver complaint.

State Notes.

Illinois Swine Breeders' held a meeting at Springfield. The following officers were elected: President, Fred H. Rankin, Athens; secretary, Charles F. Mills, Springfield.

The striking tanners and employes of Chicago have agreed to leave their differences to be settled by the state board of arbitration. The men will return to work Monday at the old wages and hours.

Frank I. Moll, a workman employed at Deere & Co.'s plow works, Moline, Ills., walked out of an open door on the third floor and was instantly killed.

The train bearing Governor Tanner, of Illinois, and party to Washington came near running into a landslide in the West Virginia mountains. A track walker gave warning and stopped the train.

Fire at Casey, Ills., burned over an hour, destroyed or damaged a dozen buildings and cost the town about $200,000, partly insured.

Mari-Henry Duker, a prominent furniture manufacturer and dealer of Quincy, Ills., died yesterday, his 75th birthday.

LATEST FROM THE ISLE OF CRETE.

Delyannis Says That Greece's Determination Is Irrevocable.

London, Feb. 27.—A dispatch to The Standard from Athens says: The long visit of the prime minister to the king yesterday revives the rumor that England favors the Greek claims in Crete. A dispatch to The Times from Athens says: "Prime Minister Delyannis, in an interview Thursday, assured me that the decision of the government to maintain the army in Crete was irrevocable. On the other hand Greece had no intention of declaring war against Turkey. Such a step would only be taken if the Turks invade Thessaly, or the great powers render the position of the Greek army in Crete intolerable. There was no intention of invading Macedonia. Greece was not desirous of embroiling Europe in a general war. No understanding exists between Greece and Bulgaria in regard to Macedonia."

The Athens corespondent of The Times adds: "The calmness of moderation of Premier Delyannis impressed me most favorably. He is evidently averse to desperate measures. I do not believe in the end he would reject any solution which Greece could honorably accept, but neither he nor the king could restrain the wild excitement of the populace. Nothing could be more unwise than for the powers to drive the Greeks to exasperation."

CITY ELECTIONS IN IOWA.

Results in Muscatine, Burlington, Ottumwa and Other Towns.

Muscatine, Ia., March 2.—The city elections resulted in the election of Fulliam (Dem.), over Schenck (Rep.), by 900 majority. Democratic alderman were elected in all the wards and all the Democratic city officials chosen.

Ottumwa, Ia., March 2.—The entire Democratic city ticket was elected by 300 majority. T. J. Phillips is elected mayor. All the Democratic alderman were elected.

Burlington, Ia., March 2.—The municipal election resulted in no political change in the city council, which was Republican.

Waterloo, March 2.—J. M. Great, the present incumbent, was elected mayor over C. H. Turner by a plurality of 17 in a total vote of over 2,000.

Creston, March 2.—Niemeyer, Democrat, was elected mayor over Camp, Republican by a plurality of 75. The Republicans elected only one alderman.

Boone, March 2.—J. M. Goodson, Democrat, for mayor, and the entire Democratic ticket, including councilmen from all five wards, was elected.

Iowa City, March 2.—Frank Stebbins, Republican, was elected mayor over Charles Reno, Democrat, by 90 votes. The Republicans elect four out of five aldermen, a big gain.

Fort Wayne Scorched by Flames.

Fort Wayne, Ind., March 1.—A destructive fire broke out yesterday morning in Morgan & Co.'s hardware store, extending to other buildings, and destroying half a block, entailing a total loss of $125,000. The fire rapidly spread to buildings owned by Margaret Hamilton, Mary Williams, J. C. Meyer, Romary Coeglein & Co. (doors and glass), Nathan & Kirchheimer (paper), Julius Nathan (liquors), Alex Staub (stoves). Morgan & Co. put heavily on stock. Total insurance, about $90,000. Three firemen were caught under falling walls, and George Klingman was dangerously hurt in the spine. The fire raged seven hours.

Barry Gets the Decision.

New York, March 2.—Jimmy Barry, the world's champion bantam boxer, last night met Jack Ward, of Newark, N. J., at the American Sporting club in a twenty-round boxing bout at 110 pounds. Each boxer was in excellent condition when the fight opened. Honors were pretty even until the last few rounds when Barry seemed to have the best of it, Ward keeping out of the way of danger. The referee gave the decision to Barry.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, March 1.

Money on call nominally 1½@1¾ per cent.; prime mercantile paper 3@4 per cent.; sterling exchange firm, with actual business in bankers' bills at 487@487¼ for demand and 485@485¼ for sixty days; posted rates, 486@488; commercial bills, 484½.

Silver certificates, 64¾@65¼; no sales; bar silver, 64¼. Mexican dollars, 50¾.

United States government bonds firm; new 4's registered, 125¾; do. coupons, 125¾; 5's registered, 113¾; do. coupons, 113¾; 4's registered, 110¾; do. coupons, 113; 2's registered, 95; Pacific 6's of 95, 103¾.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, March 1.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—May, opened 74¾c, closed 75¼c; July, opened 73¾c, closed 73¾c; September, opened 70½c, closed 71c. Corn—May, opened 24, closed 24c; July, opened 25½c, closed 25¼c; September, opened 28¼, closed 26½c. Oats—May, opened 17c, closed 17½c; July, opened 18c, closed 18½c. Pork—May, opened $8.10, closed $8.12½; July, opened $8.22½, closed $8.25. Lard—May, opened $4.10, closed $4.12½; July, opened $4.20, closed $4.22½.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 18 per lb; extra dairy, 16c per lb; fresh packing stock, 8c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 13@13½c per doz. Poultry—Turkeys, 9@11c per lb; chickens (hens), 6¼@7½c; roosters, 4@4½; ducks, 9@11c; geese, 6@8c. Potatoes—Burbanks, 23@24c per bu.; Hebrons, 19@22. Sweet potatoes—Illinois, 73c@$1.10 per bbl. Honey—White clover, 12c per lb.; imperfect, 7@9c. Apples—Common to fancy, $1.00@1.65 per bbl. Cranberries—Jerseys, $2.50@3.50 per bbl.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, March 1.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 35,000; sales ranged at $3.40@3.77½ pigs, $3.60@3.80 light, $3.45@3.45 rough packing, $3.55@3.75 mixed, and $3.55@3.70 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 14,000; quotations ranged at $3.00@5.35 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.60@5.00 good to choice do., $3.80@4.30 fair to good, $3.65@4.05 common to medium do., $3.30@3.80 butchers' steers, $3.25@3.80 stockers, 3.70@4.15 feeders, $1.80@3.70 cows, $2.40@4.30 heifers, $2.25@3.75 bulls, oxen and stags, $2.80@4.20 Texas steers, and $2.75@6.25 veal calves.

Sheep and Lambs—Estimated receipts for day, 12,000; sales ranged at $2.70@4.10 western, $2.20@3.40 Texans, $3.20@4.20 natives, and $3.5@5.10 lambs.

Milwaukee Grain.

MILWAUKEE, March 1.

Wheat—No. 2 spring, 74½c; No. 1 northern, 76c; May, 75½c. Corn—No. 3, 19c. Oats—No. 2 white, 17½@18½c. Barley—No. 2, 30½@31c; samples, 29@31c. Rye—No. 1, 33½@34c.

St. Louis Grain.

ST. LOUIS, March 1.

Wheat—No. 2 red cash elevator, 89c bid; track, 91½c; May, 87½c bid. Corn—No. 2 cash, 20½c; May, 21½@21¾c. Oats—No. 2 cash, 16¾c; May, 17½c bid. Rye—Firm; 32c track.

Detroit Grain.

DETROIT, March 1.

Wheat—Cash white, 80½c; cash red, 85½c; May, 87½c asked; July, 73½c.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, Feb. 24.

August Belmont & Co., of New York, are said to have agreed to finance with $15,000,000 the consolidation of 515 distilleries in Kentucky.

Mrs. Cleveland and the children have left Washington for their new home at Princeton, N. J.

Mattie A. Stewart, a half-breed Osage Indian, has filed suit for divorce in the United States court at Guthrie, O. T., against James Stewart.

Cholera has broken out among the people employed on the relief works of the native state of Rewah, India. In two days 100 deaths have been recorded.

At a circus near Brownsville, Tex., a section of the elevated seats collapsed, precipitating 300 persons to the ground. Six may die. Many were more or less burised.

Thursday, Feb. 25.

Ambassador and Mrs. Thomas Bayard will go to Italy immediately after Mr. Bayard receives the degree from Cambridge March 11.

Moses P. Handy, Jr., the 18-year-old son of Major Moses P. Handy, died at Chicago. The cause of death was a blood clot at the base of the brain.

The German-American bank of Tonawanda, N. Y., has been closed by order of Superintendent Banks Milburn on the ground of insolvency.

General and Mrs. Harrison have settled upon the name of Elizabeth for their little girl in honor of Mrs. Harrison's mother.

Rev. Thomas Linehan, of Fort Dodge, Ia., has been consecrated Roman Catholic bishop of Cheyenne.

The gunboat Helena made a record of 15.1 knots an hour on her builders' trial at Newport News.

Friday, Feb. 26.

Gettysburg post, G. A. R., has received through the Chinese minister, Li Hung Chang's acceptance of the invitation of the post to become an honorary member.

The pressmen employed in the California state printing office have quit work because they have received no wages for six weeks, and they see no prospect of getting any.

Mrs. Letitia Green Stevenson, wife of the retiring vice president of the United States, has been re-elected president general of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Robert Cox and a negro, known as "Crazy Jim," were hanged side by side at Pine Bluff, Ark., by the sheriff. Cox's crime was the violation of a negro woman, and "Crazy Jim" was hanged for the brutal murder of Lawrence and Charles Williams, boys about 18 years of age.

Saturday, Feb. 27.

The territorial legislature of New Mexico has passed a bill exempting beet sugar factories, woolen mills, smelters, refining and reduction works from taxation for a period of five years.

The Walter A. Wood Harvester works are nearly out of debt, the liabilities having been reduced from $1,100,000 to $275,000 by the receiver.

Several prominent bimetallists of London whom Senator Wolcott saw prior to his departure from that city are convinced that he did splendid work in Europe.

Almost the entire village of Safe Harbor, Pa., a town of manufacturing importance during the war, has been sold for $100,000. The purchaser is a syndicate of capitalists, which proposes to erect factories and mills.

Robert Kreeba, the American horseman undergoing imprisonment for racing the mare Bethel on the German turf under the name of Nellie Kneebs, will probably be included in the list of pardons to be issued by Emperor Wilhelm March 22.

Monday, March 1.

Thomas Hogg and a half-breed, Iesiel, who had been missing since March 20, have been found fourteen miles from Rawlins, Wyo., lying side by side, where they had both frozen to death.

The weather during most of the past week has been warm and spring-like in England and flowers have been blooming.

A change for the better has taken place in the condition of Dr. Steinitz, the chess player, and that his full restoration to health may be looked for.

Fire in the large dry goods emporium of W. A. Murray & Co. at Toronto did damage to the extent of nearly $100,000.

The Durfee mills at Fall River, Mass., have shut down for three weeks. The mills manufacture cotton goods.

The grand jury at Louisville, Ky., has indicted a number of men, including J. M. McKnight, of a recently failed bank, some city officials and some aldermen on general and specific charges of boodlery, bribery, etc.

Tuesday, March 2.

The Riverside steel works at Benwood, W. Va., have resumed work. Fifteen to eighteen hundred men went to work after an extended idleness.

An electric car on the South Milwaukee line, Milwaukee, slewed suddenly while descending a sharp grade on Pennsylvania avenue and capsized, rolling over and over on the steel rail. Of eighteen passengers, but one was severely hurt.

What appears to be a genuine volcano has burst forth in the great Salt Lake, Utah.

Cable dispatches received at Madrid from Manilla say that over 2,000 insurgents were killed in the recent battles fought with the government troops at Silang and Las Marimas.

Nervous

People wonder why their nerves are so weak; why they get tired so easily; why they do not sleep naturally; why they have frequ ar headaches, indigestion and

Nervous Dyspepsia. The explanation is simple. It is found in that impure blood feeding the nerves on refuse instead of the elements of strength and vigor. Opiate and nerve compounds simply deaden and do not cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla feeds the nerves pure, rich blood; gives natural sleep, perfect digestion, is the true remedy for all nervous troubles.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

AN APACHE CAPTIVE.

THE TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE OF LITTLE ANICETA CHAVEZ.

Captured by Geronimo's Band and Dragged About For Two Months — Witnessed Much of the Savages' Bloody Work. Brutally Treated by the Squaws.

"During the last Apache war, ended ten years ago, there were two cases where white children were taken prisoners by the Indians and afterward were recaptured and restored to their friends," said a southwestern mining engineer.

"The first of the children captured and rescued in the last Apache war was Santiago McKin. The other was a little 10-year-old Mexican girl, Aniceta Chavez. On June 20, 1886, a detachment of Mexican troops surprised Chief Geronimo's band 40 miles southeast of Magdalena, in Sonora. So sudden was their attack that the Indians fled, scattering to cover and at last making their escape. As the soldiers searched the scene of the fight for the wounded and the plunder they came upon a little girl, ragged and barefooted, hiding among the rocks. She was a child of Mexican blood, and when she was made aware that those about her were of her own race and friendly she told them her name and story.

"She was Aniceta Chavez, who had been adopted into the family of a ranchman named Peck, living near Calabasas, A. T. On the previous April 27, when Geronimo made his bloody raid into the Santa Cruz valley, he killed Mrs. Peck and her young child, but carried Aniceta into captivity. That he should do so surprising a thing as to spare her life was due probably to the fact that in case of ultimately being compelled to surrender to the United States troops he might secure better terms by having a prisoner to deliver up to the whites. So the girl was hurried along with her captors and compelled to witness the other murders that they committed after their slaughter at the Peck ranch.

"It was hard work for her to keep up with her captors, but her life depended on it. Several times that day the squaws would have killed her, but Geronimo would not suffer it, though he allowed them to abuse and beat her to their hearts' content. But she was only at the beginning of her troubles. From the Santa Cruz valley the Indians swung back to the Sierra Madre, and their long journey through mountains and desert was a rough and cruel one. The Indians, pursued ceaselessly by troops on both sides of the Mexican border, traveled all day, never stopping for two nights in the same place. Their one meal a day, which they ate at night, consisted usually of horseflesh, but if this were lacking and they were not too closely followed the band scattered, the bucks in search of small game and the women to gather snakes, lizards, grubs and edible roots and plants with which to make out a satisfying meal. Their only baggage, handled always by the squaws, consisted of blankets and papooses in baskets, together with any plunder they desired to take along. The bucks carried their rifles and two belts of cartridges each. Usually the Indians had plenty of horses to ride, but they did their fighting on foot. They had excellent fieldglasses, captured from the whites, and these they used constantly. In traveling, one Indian rode in advance of the band, exploring for dangers ahead, while another, mounted on a specially good horse, rode far in the rear to signal to the others information of any signs he might see of pursuit and ready at the right time to spur forward and warn them.

"The Indian bucks, while they took little notice of Aniceta, were not unkind to her, but to keep up with the party in its endless marching through a mountainous country was a fearful task for a child. Sometimes they followed trails and again traversed a trackless region, often climbing heights so steep that the Indians had to dismount and lead their horses. When traveling afoot, she was cautioned never to set her foot on soft soil, but only on rocks or grass. This was that her footprints might not betray the route the party was taking. When pursuit was not hot after them and there was no danger in sight, Geronimo would carry her on his horse. In their flight the Indians found time for considerable murdering and plundering of the whites. She found the squaws more bloodthirsty and cruel than the bucks, and they were ever eager to hack and mutilate the bodies of any white person whom the warriors had killed.

"Where the Indians traveled she had no idea, except that they kept almost altogether in the mountains. From the character of the scenery as she described it and the few buildings she saw the Indians must have kept most of the time wholly south of the Mexican border. It was the suddenness of the attack by the Mexican troops that saved the girl's life, for if the squaws had not been for the moment panic stricken they would have killed her to prevent her being recaptured. But fortunately, becoming separated from them in the confusion, she remained in hiding while they fled. When found by the Mexicans, she was in good condition physically and mentally, except that she was worn by fatigue and exposure, and her face was swollen from the beatings of the squaws. Soon after her recapture the Mexicans delivered her to the United States authorities, who took measures to restore her to her friends. I saw her soon after her return to Arizona—a brown faced, dark eyed child, handsome, as all American children are, and showing no signs of the hard experiences of her two months' captivity with the cruelest Indians that live."—New York Sun.

On Half Rations.

"Since I've been married I don't get half enough to eat."

"Well, you must remember that we are one now."—New York Journal.

ANCIENT WATER HEATERS.

People Two Thousand Years Ago Had Some Practical Conveniences.

In two of the museums of old Roman antiquities at Naples there are several water heaters, which indicate that the principle of the water tube, the crowning feature of modern boilers, was fully understood and appreciated some 2,000 years ago. Mr. W. T. Bonner of Cincinnati has been investigating these heaters and found them to be as interesting as they are beautiful. One of them consists of an outer shell 12 inches in diameter and nearly 17 inches high, surmounted by a somewhat hemispherically shaped top. Inside this shell is an internal clyinder, also having a hemispherical top, which is 10 inches in diameter and 12 inches high. The two shells are connected at the bottom by a rim, like the mud ring of a locomotive firebox, and the space between them was filled with water. The grate was formed of seven tubes made from sheet bronze, rolled and soldered or brazed. These tubes open at both ends into the bottom of the space between the shells, thus forming a water tube grate for the fuel to rest upon.

Charcoal was probably used with this heater and was placed on the grate through an opening 4.8 inches high and 4 inches wide, closed by a beautifully decorated door. The gases from the fire escaped into the outer air through three small openings formed by tubes crossing from the inner to the outer shell about 5.6 inches above the grate. The whole apparatus was raised about 12 inches on a tripod so as to allow air to reach the fuel. In another boiler of somewhat the same type the outer shell has the form of an urn, while the inner shell rises from a water tube grate to an opening in the side. It is 12 inches in diameter at the widest part, 17.6 inches high and supported on a tripod about 4 inches high. Its general shape is much like that of the silver cream pitchers known as the Paul Revere patterns, although, of course, it is much larger and has a top closed by a lid. It has been suggested that these utensils may have served at some time to heat wine as well as water, which suggestion appears reasonable, as many historians state that the Pompeiians made great use of hot drinks. It may be that they were found in one of the termpodi or cafes, of which there were several in Pompeii.—Boston Transcript.

OUTWITTING AN EDITOR.

An Exciting Political Scheme In Which McCullagh Figured.

When David R. Francis was a candidate for governor of Missouri, his friends succeeded in using The Globe-Democrat to further his chances of election. Editor McCullagh had turned on "Our Dave," as Mr. Francis is known in St. Louis, with his short paragraphs with telling effect, and Francis' friends got together and concocted a scheme to offset the editorial work of the paper. They wrote out a display advertisement, and at a late hour of the Saturday morning immediately preceding the election of 1888 took it to the counting room of The Globe-Democrat. The clerk on duty gave the copy a casual looking over and without a word accepted it. It occupied a full page, and at length and in glowing terms set forth the "great business capacity and eminent qualifications of Mr. Francis to occupy the gubernatorial chair of Missouri."

That advertisement caused the biggest row ever witnessed in a newspaper office in St. Louis. When Editor McCullagh found what had been done, he raged and stormed for a week. The fast mail had distributed the paper all over Missouri before McCullagh had his attention called to it. He left his quarters at the Southern hotel on a trot. Reaching the corner of Fourth and Pine streets, he found the streets and the office of The Globe-Democrat jammed with people, who were clamoring to stop their subscriptions. McCullagh had filled a column on the editorial page with "squibs" strongly opposing Francis and advocating the Republican nominee, but the big display of Francis' friends was the first thing seen on opening the paper.

Mr. McCullagh at once issued an extra, in which he deprecated the oversight by which the advertisement had found its way into the paper, but it was some time before The Globe-Democrat office recovered its equilibrium.—St. Louis Letter in Chicago Record.

What Manhattan Island Was.

Never say Manhattan Island when you mean the island of Manhattan. The briefer term was properly applied in such a way that now it cannot be applied at all. The place that bore it is no longer discernible. Manhattan Island was a knoll about an acre in extent which lay near Corlears Hook, surrounded by marshes and partly submerged by high tides. Later on it became the center of a place which did us noble service, but again has been obliterated, save for the lingering nickname of Drydock Village. Here were built most of our ships in the days when no one could build them quite as well as we.—Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer in Century.

A Secondary Matter.

Mistress—Johanna, you haven't cooked anything today, and it's my birthday too.

Cook—Excuse me, I haven't quite finished my poem to you yet, missus.—Household Words.

Astrology was the invention of Chaldean and Egyptian priests. There is reason to believe that astrology was practiced in connection with astronomy in Chaldea and the valley of the Nile between 4000 and 5000 years B. C.

The slippery elm contains in its inner bark a great quantity of mucilage, which gives it its peculiar property and name.

The voyage between New York and Christiania is 3,800 knots in length.

DISGUISED AS MEN.

WOMEN WHO HAVE LIVED FOR YEARS IN MALE ATTIRE.

The Manchester Bricklayer Who Mistrusted His "Wife"—A Mysterious Case of Modern Times — Names Withheld by the Relator—A Prominent Professional Man?

In the month of April, 1838, Mr. Thomas, an attorney of Manchester, was seated alone in his office, when a client was shown in. She came, she said, to obtain a divorce from her husband, who was a master bricklayer, doing an excellent business. She complained that he drank heavily and when under the influence of liquor would beat her severely. This ill treatment she bore patiently until he finally refused to give her money for housekeeping expenses, whereupon she sought a separation.

When more closely questioned, the woman unfolded to the ears of the astonished lawyer the following remarkable story:

The master bricklayer had at birth been relegated to the feminine portion of humanity, but being early disgusted with the restricted life of girlhood he donned masculine attire and apprenticed himself to a bricklayer. (The personal pronouns are apt to get a little mixed in such descriptions, so I will adhere to the masculine.) He showed an unusual knack in his chosen trade and soon became his own master. He was a handsome young fellow, and many maidens fell in love with the dashing young mechanic, and he finally chose and married the woman who became Mr. Thomas' client.

Upon investigation this astonishing story was found to be strictly true. The bricklayer had acted as special constable for Manchester and had occupied other essentially masculine positions in the community, always being on hand when riots or any other danger threatened. The true sex of this esteemed citizen had never been suspected during the 25 years he had worn the disguise until domestic differences caused his partner to reveal the secret.

There is a well authenticated instance on record of a girl who adopted masculine apparel when she was 3 years of age, or rather, to be more accurate, her father dressed her as a boy that she might the better dance at public houses. She continued in this disguise for 40 years without being discovered.

To come down to modern times, the writer, though unable to mention names and localities, as one of the parties concerned is still living, knows of a striking example pertinent to the subject.

But five short years have been told since the final scene in this drama of real life was enacted. But to begin at the beginning:

There were two sisters, educated and refined ladies, left orphaned and well nigh penniless. Both of them were beauties, one tall, dark and courageous, the other blond, small and gentle. The elder girl made up her mind to adopt a bold course. She took the little money they possessed and rented and stocked a little store in a distant city, where they were unknown; then, taking her sister, they stole quietly away.

In their new home they represented themselves as man and wife, did well in business and were universally respected.

Years passed. The gentleman (?) saved money, took up a pursuit more congenial to his tastes and became one of the most prominent men (?) in the city. The couple bought a beautiful home on Blank avenue, entertained and were entertained by the best society in the place. Everybody said: "What a handsome couple, she so delicately beautiful with her golden hair, he so stately and dark."

One afternoon, when the lady was "at home" to her friends and was surrounded by a laughing, chattering group, she saw, approaching across the room, with his eyes fixed upon her face, one of the best known physicians of the city. The man's face was so grave that it startled her, and her heart began to beat heavily with a foreboding of evil to come.

The doctor came up hastily, and without the usual formal greeting spoke to her in a low, excited voice:

"Mr. —— fell dead of heart disease in his office about an hour ago. Only one of the clerks attended him, when I was called in. If you wish to preserve the secret, you had better come at once."

The doctor was not one who believed in breaking bad news gradually, but it were better he had adopted less abrupt measures in that instance, for the poor little lady was entirely overcome, and shrieking out, "What shall I do?" she fell at his feet in a faint.

Well, the story was hushed up and came to the ears of only a few people, but it is a true story just the same.

Such instances abound. There is today in one of the great cities of these United States a prominent professional man who is a disguised woman. He is a well to do bachelor and is considered a very desirable parti by matchmaking mammas and marriageable daughters.

To attempt to enumerate the cases of women who have temporarily assumed masculine disguise would be a hopeless task. Even such instances as are on record, doubtless representing a very small percentage of the real occurrences in this line, would fill volumes.

This unnatural feminine attitude toward life, arising from many causes, is a matter of psychological interest.

We hear a great deal lately about the "abnormal woman," but the term "abnormal" is relative and should be applied with much discretion, or it will become meaningless.

It would perhaps be hardly accurate to use the word to describe even the class of women represented in this paper, but they may be truly said to have led most abnormal lives and may in consequence be of much interest to the student of the "weaker sex."

WHITE HOUSE MINSTRELS.

A Performance That Was Given by Willie and Tad Lincoln.

In St. Nicholas is a paper by Julia Taft Bayne on "Willie and Tad Lincoln," who were playmates of Mrs. Bayne's brother. Mrs. Bayne gives the following picture of one of their pranks: I went to the White House. As I approached I saw that it was standing indeed, but I noticed a strange grin on the face of an orderly holding some horses. Some soldiers lounging near also wore the same grin, which was intensified on the countenance of a negro coming down the walk, and this wild grin rippled and spread like a wave as I went on—orderlies, soldiers, doorkeepers, all wore that peculiar smile. I asked where the boys were. "Up stairs, miss," the man said, and I heard him chuckle as he turned away. As I came along the upper corridor Tad appeared.

"Oh, Julia, come and see our circus!" he cried when he saw me. "We've got a circus in the attic. We're minstrels. I've got to be blacked up, and Willie can't get his dress on; it's too big. Pin it up, will you? Hurry!"

I took a horrified survey and said: "A circus! Does the president know it?"

"Oh, yes, he knows it," said Tad. "He doesn't care. He's got some general or other in there. Come on, hurry!"

Willie was struggling with the full, long skirt and flounces of a lilac silk I had seen Mrs. Lincoln wear at an afternoon reception, while Budd wore a ruffled morning wrapper which he was pinning up in billowy festoons.

When the boys were nearly ready to go before their "audience," Tad began singing at the top of his voice, "Old Abe Lincoln came out of the Wilderness."

"Hush!" said Budd. "The president will hear you."

"I don't care if pa does hear, and he don't care either," said Tad. "We've got to sing that in the show." And I think he did. But some time after, as Tad was singing a campaign song at our house about "Old Abe splitting rails," Willie asked my mother: "Mrs. Taft, ought Tad to sing that song? Isn't it disrespectful to pa?" Tad kicked the chair, as he always did when displeased, and said, "Everybody in this world knows pa used to split rails."

Mamma explained why she thought it in bad taste, and Tad said, "Well, I'll sing about 'John Brown's Body,' then." He always obeyed my mother, though generally so headstrong.

I was at their "circus" only a short time. A curtain of sheets pinned together was stretched across one side of the attic. Their extensive "repertory" was somewhat mixed, and they did not keep very closely to the programme. Tad as the "Black Statue" was a great success. Every one who paid 1 cent went in, I think, though it said "5 cents" on the bill. Servants, orderlies, soldiers, strangers, came and went all day.

THE MARINE ENGINEER.

An Officer With Vast Responsibilities Who Seldom Gets Credit.

From the time, less than 60 years ago, when the first steam vessel crossed the Atlantic the evolution of the marine engineer has been rapid, but he is the one class of marine craftsman that, above all others, has kept pace with the developments of this fast speeding age, and he stands today the most finished product of a century that has created more new types and more new occupations than any that has preceded it. The marine engineer today is more important than any deck officer, but his importance is as little recognized by the nonseafaring man as his identity is concealed from the view of those who travel in ships. Down in the bowels of the vessel, he controls not only the propulsion, but the steering, lighting, pumping, anchoring, ventilation of the modern marine structure, and on the warship he is even responsible for the manipulation of heavy guns. The eyes that steer the ship are those of the officer of the watch, but the brain that guides the ship to her destination and regulates her internal economy is the brain of the marine engineer. His is the real responsibility, and, we are afraid, his is the least share of the honor that is given to those who serve their country or their employers with courage and devotion on the sea.

All the world heard of the gallantry of Captain Kane of the Calliope in working his ship out of the Samoa anchorage in the teeth of a cyclone. Who heard of the struggle of the engineer officers with the machinery down below, and how many know even the names of them?—Pall Mall Gazette.

Honest Failures.

No greater opportunity is afforded the commercial man to exemplify the amenities of business than in a case of distress of his fellow man who has honestly failed in business. I say honestly failed because there are many such failures. These are the times when the commercial vultures descend beside the Christian Samaritan, one as the commercial gravedigger, the other as the physician with the balm of fellowship and brotherhood. The first will try to squeeze the lifeblood, but the second will stand and demand that, although it is stipulated in the bond that a pound of flesh shall be forfeited, one extra ounce of blood will cause the loss of that which he might have received. Swedenborg said, "Charity itself consists in acting justly and faithfully in whatever office, business and employment a person is engaged in."—Hardware.

An Old Proverb.

The proverb, "Necessity is the mother of invention," can hardly be traced to one independent source. The idea was expressed by Persius, the Roman satirist, about 60 A. D. and is found in the precise form now quoted in Richard Franck's "Northern Memoirs" (printed in London in 1694) and in various later English writers.

WISHING.

I wish I were the fly that roams
Around on yonder wall,
For he can ride a bicycle
And not fall off at all.

I wish I were the bird that swings
Her nest in the cool green
Of yonder tree, high in the air.
Her house is always clean.

But most I envy the old wall,
So dingy and so dim,
For I adore the poster girl,
And she is stuck on him.
—Somerville Journal.

DOUBLE ROYAL WEDDING.

Ceremony Followed by the Most Unique Feast of Modern Times.

Max von Binzer, who served as "a page at the Berlin court" upon the occasion of the double royal wedding in 1877, graphically describes the ceremony and attendant festivities in The Ladies' Home Journal. "At 11 o'clock on the morning of the 18th of February, 1877," he writes, "the day of the wedding, we found ourselves posted again en espalier down the White hall. As the royal procession entered the chapel adjoining a magnificent chorus intoned one of Mendelssohn's superb psalms. The illustrious group ranged themselves before the altar, and Dr. Kogel, court chaplain, began the impressive ceremony. As the wedding rings were exchanged heavy artillery boomed forth the king's salute of 101 guns. The royal families exchanged congratulatic , and the cortege returned again to e White hall for a short reception, and at 5 o'clock we were summoned again for the great wedding banquet. Unquestionably this banquet was the most unique of modern times.

"Covers for 100 persons were laid on tables arranged in the form of a horseshoe in the Hall of Knights. None but those of princely blood was to sit at these tables. The most noble and distinguished vassals of the emperor were to serve their royal master and his guests. The Count von W—— and myself were detailed to Leopold, king of Belgium. However, we were but links in a chain of notables along which the viands were passed to his majesty. Next the king and immediately back of his chair stood the commander of an entire army corps; next in the rear stood a court chamberlain, to whom we handed the various dishes. He in turn passed them to the general, who personally served King Leopold. The emperor, William I, was served by the most powerful nobles of the empire. Count von Stolberg-Wernigerode, grand master of the hunt, carved the game; Prince von Pless, the grand cup bearer, filled his imperial majesty's crystal goblet with the rarest wines of the 'Vaterland.' But, curiously enough, none of the recipients of this remarkable homage seemed at ease, with the exception of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, who was evidently much interested in the Grand Duchess of Baden, the lady on his right. They alone talked and laughed in an unconstrained manner. The wedding ball followed this remarkable banquet."

A Dom Pedro Fete.

The recent funeral of Mme. Furtado-Heine, which took place at the chateau of Rocquencort, recalled a pretty story of a marvelous fete given a few years ago in honor of Dom Pedro II of Brazil. In September, 1890, the emperor, then but recently exiled, after a reign of 50 years, was staying at Versailles, passing the autumn months with his daughter, the Comtesse d'Eu. One day, as he passed before the iron railings of the garden of the castle Rocquencort, he saw the splendid hothouses and the massive beds of flowers. Curious to know who lived there, he said he would much like to visit the estate. Mme. Furtado-Heine hurried to receive him and showed him round the garden and through the hothouses. "Madame," said Dom Pedro, "I see the vegetation of my country; the trees are the same, and I breathe and smell the same flowers. I owe to you the first joy that I have felt since my exile. Thank you, thank you." "I hope the emperor will feel at home here," said Mme. Heine. "My doors will ever be open to receive your majesty." A week after Dom Pedro returned and consented to remain to dinner. The walls of the dining room were decorated with rose leaves of every color and formed the imperial arms of Brazil. The park was illuminated, and a splendid concert was given in his honor.—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Saw.

Pliny says that the saw was first invented by Dædalus, but, according to Apollodorus, it was the invention of Talus, who used the jawbone of a crocodile to cut through a piece of wood and then made an iron instrument in imitation of it. The saw is represented on the monuments of Egypt from 2500 to 3000 B. C. As early as A. D. 1322 sawmills iven by water power were in operation at Augsburg, and, it is believed, before this they were in operation in Paris, driven by the current of the Seine. The first sawmill erected in the Norway pineries was in 1530. Sawmills were numerous in Italy in the sixteenth century. They were not introduced into England until 1663, when a native of Holland built one, but was compelled to abandon it by the opposition of the populace, carpenters and other artisans, who saw no good in such a new fangled contrivance.

Neatly Stated.

Rather a neat way of stating an awkward fact was adopted by a recent applicant for a pension. The applicant had been wounded while his regiment was in retreat, but he did not say it that way. "I received my wound," he said, "while marching rapidly in front of the enemy."

A Plain Case.

George—Is it true that your cousin is in love with Jack Fitzbooby?

Fred—You can judge for yourself. She eats her dinner before she opens his letters.—Roxbury Gazette.

SWINDLING PHYSICIANS.

Clever But ko Games That Are Worked on the Profession.

A correspondent writes: "The following trick is new, I think, and I therefore inform you concerning it, if you choose to give it publicity:

"Act 1.—A man introduces himself at my office as Dr. E. L. Adams of Stroudsburg, Pa., talks (and talks learnedly about the throat) of sending a patient of his, a Mr. Henry Sawyer, in consultation. He then speaks of desiring to buy a spray apparatus; asks me of whom. I recommend B. As the 'doctor' is leaving he asks incidentally for one of my cards. It is given.

"Act 2.—He afterward writes on my card a line of introduction to B; presents it, saying he was sent by me, giving details. He orders the apparatus and desires it sent to Dr. Adams, —— street (who promptly replies by telephone, saying he knows nothing about it); presents a check made payable to his order, indorsed by him, in payment for the spray and receives a balance in cash (in this instance $10, I believe).

"Act 3.—Check returned; no good. B. writes to Stroudsburg. No Dr. E. L. Adams and no Mr. Sawyer reside there or are known to the postmaster. I, of course, have never seen the Mr. Sawyer.

"Act 4.—The bogus and plausible representative of the medical profession has the money. The trick is, of course, capable of various modifications."

An old trick is being worked upon the members of the medical profession with success in several instances. A man calls at the doctor's office at a time he knows he is away. Asking for the doctor and learning he is out, the man is, oh, so sorry, but maybe the good doctor's wife would answer. The doctor's helpmate is summoned and is informed that the visitor is a patient of the doctor and lives (in one instance) in Newark, N. J. He is anxious to settle a bill of $29 and asks the wife to give a receipt for that sum. The good wife, overcome both by the vision of a $20 debt being settled and also by the flattering remarks of the pleasant mannered fellow, gives the receipt. In exchange he presents a certified check for $25, gets the $5 in change, and—well, in due time the poor doctor jots down in his account book on the credit side, "For experience, $5."—Medical Record.

SKATING IN OLD DAYS.

How the Sport Became Popular In New York City.

While skating is now one of the most popular sports of the winter season it is only comparatively a few years since it has become so in this city. When the Central park was being constructed in 1860 and the small artificial lake at Fifty-ninth street was nearly completed, the park commissioners announced that it would be thrown open for the use of skaters. A few men took advantage of the invitation, but women could not be induced to go on the ice. The skates then in use were of the most antique pattern, some of the runners extending a long way in front of the foot, ending in a ringlike curl. In a crowd these skates were quite dangerous, and the first year skating was anything except popular.

During the next winter the larger lake at the upper end of the mall was in such condition that it could be used for skating. Here there was more room for the sport, but still the women could not be induced to venture on the ice. A number of gentlemen determined to overcome this prejudice and organized the New York Skating club, having a regulation patterned skate, almost even with the sole of the boot, which was laced up tight to the ankle, while the objectionable strap was done away with, the runner being fixed to the sole while in use by a ball and socket and held firmly with a clamp. These became popular that winter with the men, and a lighter kind was made for women. The prejudice, however, still existed among the latter, until the club invited a lady, who was a fine skater, from Portland, Me., to visit the Central park and skate with the club. This lady wore a pretty and appropriate dress, similar to that worn in winter by women skaters in Europe, and she created such a sensation by her artistic skating as to attract much notice. The result was that before the season ended several young ladies were induced by the club to venture on the ice, and the season of 1862-3 found many, with pretty costumes, enjoying the sport.

A series of carnivals were arranged by the club during the following season, and skating in the evening became one of the fashionable winter amusements.—New York Mail and Express.

Hens and Iron.

A French physician has invented a method by which he says iron can be given in large doses. Hens, he noticed, have powerful internal organs. They can digest considerable quantities of iron and then render it back, through the albumen of their eggs, in a form which is easily digested by the weaker stomach of mankind. So he feeds his hens with what he calls "a very absorbent salt of iron," mingled with grains of wheat, and they lay eggs extremely rich in iron already digested.

Acquired.

Dyspepsia Specialist (irritably)—But, madam, you must chew your food. What were your teeth given you for?

Female Patient (calmly) — They weren't given to me. I bought 'em.—London Fun.

The United States flag was first saluted by a foreign power in Guiberon bay, France, the officer in charge of the vessel making the salute being Admiral La Motte.

The European hornet is much larger than the common wasp and has a temper in proportion to its size.

The common silver dollar is almost exactly 1½ inches in diameter.

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[PUBLISHED WEEKLY.]

JOHN F. FINERTY,
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CHICAGO, MARCH 6, 1897.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—Mr. E. S. Willard.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"Shamus O'Brien."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—The Bostonians.

GREAT NORTHERN THEATRE.
Jackson street, between Dearborn and State—Camille D'Arville.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Frank Daniel's Opera Company.

CLIFFORD'S GAIETY THEATRE,
Washington-st., between Clark and LaSalle—"Little Miss Chicago."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Vaudeville.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Variety.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway.
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

WASHINGTON'S WARNING TO AMERICANS.

Washington's farewell address to the American people at the close of his second, and last, term in the presidential office, has been frequently alluded to in the newspapers and by oratorical senatorial lungers in connection with the controversy in regard to the Cleveland-Olney-Pauncefoot confidence operation known as the Anglo-American Arbitration Treaty. It is, perhaps, well known to most reading people that Washington and John Jay laid themselves open to severe censure when they negotiated and carried into effect the first commercial treaty with England following the revolution, and in the closing portion of the second term of the Father of his Country. That treaty gave great offense to those Americans who thought the owed gratitude to France on account of the assistance given their country in the darkest hours of the struggle with England, and also exasperated the French Republic to such a degree that open warfare with indignant Gaul was narrowly avoided. The French minister, Fauchet, accused, in a letter which the British intercepted and sent to Washington, Secretary of State Edmund Randolph of hinting at a money consideration if the interests of France were to be regarded by the administration. Washington, at an informal cabinet meeting, handed the letter to Randolph, who read it, denied the accuracy of the statement and resigned immediately. Washington accepted the resignation. Randolph called Fauchet to account, and the latter explained that the purport of his letter had been misconceived, and that Randolph had never even hinted at compensation for himself or others.

The ex-secretary then came out in a long letter to the public, in which he sought to vindicate himself and blamed Washington for injustice and severity. These and other causes led to extreme dissatisfaction with Washington, and the opposition papers abused him without stint. So base and bitter was some of this abuse that even the Billingsgate of the personal press of today is innocuous by comparison. No doubt the slanders hurled at him by his enemies led Washington to decline being a candidate for a third term. He wished to get rid of the burden of office, and of the load of vilification at the same time. It was a happy resolution, for had he accepted another term, he would have died in the midst of a miserable fight of factions, and much of the aureole of glory that now hallows his memory would have been dissipated. Even when his farewell address was read, and the thanks of Congress were proposed for his great services to his country, Mr. Giles, of Virginia, in the House, opposed the motion in a bitter speech. Eleven other representatives voted with him on a dissentent resolution, and, strange to say, among the disgruntled dozen was the American patriot second only in renown to Washington himself, and who then represented Tennessee, Andrew Jackson!

The bitter discussion of the treaty with England, evidently inspired a goodly portion of the famous, but too often misquoted, address. It is a document that should be studied by every American, whether native or adopted, as it bears about the same relation to the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of 1787, that the epistles of St. Paul do to the Acts of the Apostles. In speaking of America's relations to foreign countries, Washington said:

"In the execution of such a plan (the observing of good faith and justice toward all nations) nothing is more essential than that permanent, inveterate antipathies against particular nations and passionate attachments for others should be excluded, and that in place of them just and amicable feelings toward all should be cultivated. The nation which indulges towards another an habitual hatred or an habitual fondness is, in some degree, a slave. It is a slave to its animosity or to its affection, either of which is sufficient to lead it astray from its duty and its interests. Antipathy in one nation against another disposes each more readily to offer insult and injury, to lay hold of slight causes of umbrage and to be haughty and intractable when accidental or trifling occasions of dispute occur. Hence frequent collisions, obstinate, envenomed and bloody contests. The nation prompted by ill will and resentment sometimes impels to war the government, contrary to the best calculations of policy. The government sometimes participates in the national propensity and adopts through passion what reason would reject; at other times it makes the animosity of the nation subservient to projects of hostility instigated by pride, ambition and other sinister and pernicious motives. The peace often, sometimes, perhaps, the liberty of nations has been the victim.

"So, likewise, a passionate attachment of one nation for another produces a variety of evils—sympathy for the favorite nation, facilitating the illusion of an imaginary common interest in cases where no real common interest exists, and imposing upon one the enmities of the other, betrays the former into a participation of the quarrels and wars of the latter without adequate inducement or justification. It leads also to concessions to the favorite nation of privileges denied to others, which is apt doubly to injure the nation making the concessions, by unnecessarily parting with what ought to have been retained, and by exciting jealousy, ill will and a disposition to retaliate in the parties from whom equal privileges are withheld, and it gives to ambitious, corrupted or deluded citizens, who devote themselves to the favorite nation, facility to betray, or sacrifice, the interests of their own country, without odium, sometimes even with popularity—gilding with the appearance of a virtuous sense of obligation, a commendable defiance of public opinion, or a laudable zeal for the public good, the base or foolish compliances of ambition, corruption or infatuation."

[The foregoing paragraph of the address would seem to convey the quality of prophesy, for it exactly applies to the conduct of Cleveland, Olney and Bayard in regard to the Anglo-American arbitration treaty.—ED.]

Continuing the great Father of his Country said:

"As avenues to foreign influence in innumerable ways such attachments are particularly alarming to the truly enlightened and independent patriot. How many opportunities do they afford to tamper with domestic faction, to practise the arts of seduction, to mislead public opinion, to influence or awe the public councils! Such an attachment of a small or weak towards a great and powerful nation, dooms the former to be the satellite of the latter.

"Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence, I conjure you to believe me, fellow citizens, the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake, since history and experience prove that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of Republican government; but that jealousy to be useful must be impartial, else it becomes the instrument of the very influence to be avoided instead of a defense against it. Excessive partiality for one foreign nation and excessive dislike of another, cause those whom they actuate to see danger only on one side, and serve to veil and even second the arts and influence on the other. Real patriots who may resist the intrigues of the favorite, are liable to become suspected and odious, while its tools and dupes usurp the applause and confidence of the people, only to surrender their interests.

"The great rule of conduct for us in regard to foreign nations is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political connection as possible. So far as we have already formed entanglements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop.

"Europe has a set of primary interests, which to us have none or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves by artificial ties in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities.

"Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people under an efficient government, the period is not far off when we may defy material injury from external annoyance; when we may take up such an attitude as will cause the neutrality we may at any time resolve upon to be scrupulously respected; when belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation, when we may choose peace or war as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel.

"Why forego the advantage of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own to stand on foreign ground? Why by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalship, interest, honor or caprice?

"It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent [not 'entangling' as frequently misquoted.—ED.] alliances with any portion of the foreign world—so far I mean as we are now at liberty to do it—for let me not be understood as capable of patronizing infidelity to existing engagements. I hold the maxim no less applicable to public than to private affairs, that honesty is always the best policy. I repeat it, therefore, let those engagements be observed in their genuine sense; but, in my opinion, it is unnecessary and would be unwise to extend them.

"Taking care always to keep ourselves by suitable establishments in a respectably defensive posture, we may safely trust to temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies.

"Harmony, liberal intercourse with all nations, are recommended by policy, humanity and interest, but even our commercial policy should hold an equal and impartial hand—neither seeking nor granting exclusive favors or preferences—consulting the natural course of things—diffusing and diversifying by gentle means the streams of commerce but forcing nothing—establishing with powers so disposed in order to give to trade a stable course, to define the rights of our merchants and to enable government to support them—conventional rules of intercourse, the best that present circumstances and mutual opinion will permit; but temporary and liable to be from time to time abandoned or varied, as experience and circumstance shall dictate; constantly keeping in view that it is folly for one nation to look for disinterested favors from another; that it must pay with a portion of its independence for whatever it may accept under that character—that by such acceptance it may place itself in the condition of having given equivalents for nominal favors and yet of being reproached with ingratitude for not giving more. There can be no greater error than to expect or calculate upon rare favors from nation to nation. It is an illusion which experience must cure, which a just pride ought to discard."

The foregoing noble and simply patriotic sentiments could not have been in the minds of the majority of the United States Senate when they contemplated passing the Anglo-American Arbitration Treaty. They must also have been absent from the memory of a majority of the editors of American newspapers who approved the sinister proposition without giving it sufficient thought. The opposition of the New York Sun, the Chicago Tribune, the Irish World and Irish Republic of New York, the Pilot of Boston, the San Francisco Nation, the Minneapolis Irish Standard, THE CHICAGO CITIZEN, and a few other daily and weekly journals throughout the Union, sustained the gallant Senate minority, led by Morgan, Mills, Daniel and Teller and, finally, succeeded in having the dangerous instrument temporarily laid aside. The efforts of all friends of absolute American independence should be concentrated against any renewal of the attempt to have it favorably acted upon by the new senate. The base conduct of England toward the unfortunate Cretan Christians, her brazen support of the savage Turk and the evident acquiescence of the English people, as a whole, in the treacherous and dastardly policy of their infamous government, have shaken the faith of millions of unreflecting Americans—always caught by sentiment—in the sincerity of England's professions of a humane desire for universal arbitration. The senators, editors and others, who opposed the ratification of the perfidious treaty have had their share of abuse and condemnation from the shallow and thoughtless, but they can afford to despise such criticism conscious as they are of having saved their country from a great danger. The motto of every American citizen should be: "Never be afraid to do what you conceive to be a public duty, even if it brings you temporary blame and unpopularity."

IRISH ARMS, FLAGS AND UNIFORMS.

A respected friend and correspondent has written to us to define for him, if possible, the antiquity of the Green Flag, with the Golden Harp, now universally accepted as the national ensign of Ireland. We do not profess to be an antiquary, nor have we just now access to documents, which doubtless exist among historical archives in Dublin and London, to establish the period at which it was first adopted by the Irish people as a whole. Thomas Darcy McGee, however, in his "History of Ireland," and also in his stirring "Life of Art McMurrough, King of Leinster," quotes documents which show that the clans of that royal province, under their heroic chief, carried the Green Flag in battle. Now, however, McGee is reinforced by the Rev. J. F. Ffrench, of Clonegal, who has recently written an interesting article on "The Arms of Ireland," in the Archæological Journal, published at Waterford. In discussing those arms, which are tolerably well known, Mr. Ffrench takes occasion to deal also with the subject of the flag, and in this connection says:

"One thing relating to the arms of Ireland still remains to be considered. How did the green attain its present position as above all other colors that which is symbolical of the Emerald Isle? Various reasons have been suggested. One is that it originated with the Ulster United Irishmen, who made a blending of orange and blue, and thus produced green; but the following extract from a letter of Father Matthew O'Hartigan, dated from Paris, Oct. 17, 1642, shows that vert, or emerald green, was borne as an Irish standard long before their time: 'Col. Owne Ro his frigot is back to Dunkerk full of butter, tallow and hides. This frigot bears the Irish harp in a green field in a flag in the main top.' This was the Col. Owen Roe O'Neill who landed in the County Donegal on July 13, 1642. We also find in a book published in The Hague, A. D. 1727, the arms of Ireland given as 'Il est vert, charge d'une harpe d'or.' (Green bearing a harp of gold.) The real reason for the prominence of green seems to be the heraldic one—that the heralds have made in the color of the field or ground of the Imperial Province of Leinster. Our readers will remember that the arms given by Sir William Hawkins and Mr. Whitens, of the Heralds' office, to Mr. O'Halloran some eighty years ago, were a golden harp with silver strings on a green ground, and the arms of Leinster still remains 'Vert, an Irish harp or stringed ar.'

"So completely has this passed away from remembrance that when a well known Dublin antiquarian friend of the writer's was applied to by a southern gentlemen for the correct arms of Leinster he sent him the foregoing and immediately received the reply: 'Come now, do not be trying to humbug me; I know the popular arms well enough, but I want the correct arms.' If we could only accept a note in Moore's Melodies as history, it would give a venerable origin to green as the principal color which should be borne on an Irish standard. Moore gives a fac simile of a so-called ancient Irish inscription in the folio edition of his Irish Melodies, p. 84, the translation of which is:

'A yellow lion upon green satin,
The standard of the heroes of the Red Branch,
Which Connor carried in battle
During his frequent wars for the expulsion of foreigners.'

To which Mr. Moore adds the following note: 'The inscription upon Connor's tomb (for the fac simile of which I am indebted to Mr. Murphy, chaplain of the late Lady Moira) has not, I believe, been noticed by antiquarian or traveler.' This inscription is to be found on an Eighteenth century tombstone in the abbey church of Mulnifarnham, which was founded by William Delamar in the year 1236. Consequently it would not be a likely place to find the tomb of Connor or Cohchebbar MacNessa, who died in the beginning of the First century. But Mr. Moore evidently never saw the first part of the inscription on this tombstone, which immediately precedes the Irish inscription, and which runs as follows:

'Pray for the soul of James Gaynor, of Leany, died January the 15th, 1764, aged 66 years. Also for his ancestors and posterity.' James Gaynor's posterity evidently wished to make history.

"The prominence of green seems to be sufficiently accounted for by the fact that it is the field of the shield of the province that contains the capital city, just as blue is the field of Munster, and black and gold of Connaught."

We are not aware that the Irish army of King James II. carried green flags, but certain it is that the harp was displayed on the standard which waved over Dublin castle during his occupation of Dublin. All the men who wrote of the Williamite wars, and who were eye-witnesses, from either the English or the Irish standpoint, Story, Parker, O'Kelly, etc., failed, most unaccountably, to state what colors either the Williamites or the Jacobites displayed. It is quite probable that the uniforms of both armies—except those of the Dutch, Danes, Brandenburghers and Huguenots with William, and the French regulars with James, wore scarlet coats—the color, or "royal livery," of the House of Stuart, which has become celebrated as the "red rag" of England. One authority (Mr. P. G. Smyth, we think), says that the English army that fought at Aughrim was clothed in gray; while Macaulay, in his "History of England," affirms that "the ranks were one blaze of scarlet." Mr. Smyth also says that the flags carried by the Irish brigade at Fontenoy, and elsewhere on the continent of Europe, were not of green, and bore no Irish designation whatever. The proof is incontestible that the Brigade was uniformed in scarlet, out of compliment to the exiled House of Stuart, and they paid bloodily for this at Fontenoy, where the French carbineers fired upon the Irish regiments just as they struck the flank of Cumberland's column, mistaking them, on account of the similarity of uniform, for British troops. As Mr. P. G. Smyth is now a citizen of Chicago, and as no Irishman living is better qualified to throw light upon the subject, we would much like to hear from him in regard to Irish flags and uniforms

VICIOUS MEDIOCRITY IN POLITICS.

The unexpected is always happening in American politics. Who could have thought, in 1884, that so common-place a person as Grover Cleveland could have beaten the brilliant Blaine? And, in 1892, the energetic and patriotic Harrison? Nor is it in national affairs alone that surprises are ever occurring. Our municipal elections constantly throw upon the surface of politics men absolutely obscure, who are forced upon the helpless people by those remorseless engines of oppression known as political machines. Organization is a necessity to all political parties, but a machine is not organization—it is tyranny. Men may not be absolutely bad and yet not be acceptable to the public, because the public cannot understand why men, almost unheard of before, should be given the most representative places in National, State and municipal government in preference to others who are well known, duly qualified and capable of conferring dignity on any position to which they may be elected. America is peculiarly unfortunate in this respect, particularly in times of peace. In times of war, or in periods immediately succeeding conflict, the spirit of the nation—essentially warlike, in spite of its strong commercial tendency—decides that its military heroes, high or humble, must have precedence of all others in office. Now, however, after a generation of peace, the nonentities are having it nearly all their own way again. President McKinley is an exception, because he was not alone a brave and conscientious soldier, but was long one of the chief figures in the grand council of the nation at Washington and later showed his executive ability as governor of the splendid State of Ohio. And even McKinley had quite a narrow escape from being beaten for the presidency by a young gentleman, who, whatever his intellectual qualifications, was certainly a new actor on the political stage when his successful competitor was already a veteran grown gray in honorable public service.

But is America the only country that presents this object lesson in practical politics? According to the noted historian, W. E. H. Lecky, it is not. In the opening sentences of the eighteenth chapter of his "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," Mr. Lecky says: "The qualities of mind and character which in modern societies have proved most successful in political life are, for the most part, of a wholly different order from those which lead to eminence in spheres of pure intellect or pure moral effort. Originality and profundity of thought, the power of tracing principles to their obscure and distant consequences, the intellectual and imaginative insight which penetrates to the heart of things and expresses in a perennial form the deeper emotions or finer shades of human character, can be of little or no service in practical politics. Nor are the moral qualities that are required in the higher [or the lower?—ED.] spheres of statesmanship those of a hero or a saint. Passionate earnestness and self-devotion, complete concentration of every faculty on an unselfish aim, uncalculating daring, a delicacy of conscience and a loftiness of purpose far exceeding those of the average of men, are here likely to prove rather a hindrance than an assistance. The politician deals very largely with the superficial and the common-place; his art is, in a great measure, that of skilful compromise, and in the conditions of modern life the statesman is likely to succeed the best who possesses secondary qualities to an unusual degree, who is in the closest intellectual and moral sympathy with the average of the intelligent men of his time, and who pursues common ideals with more than common ability. 'The first quality of a prime minister, in a free country,' said Horace Walpole, 'is to have more common sense than any man.' [Walpole, be it remembered, was the English statesman who uttered the degrading aphorism, 'Every man has his price' —ED.] Tact, business talent, knowledge of men, resolution, promptitude and sagacity in dealing with immediate emergencies, a character which lends itself easily to conciliation, diminishes friction and inspires confidence, are especially needed, and they are more likely to be found among shrewd and enlightened men of the world than among men of great original genius or of an heroic type of character."

True, every word, Mr. Lecky, and certainly not more emphasized in Great Britain than in this country, where we have time and again defeated our most brilliant statesmen for appalling mediocrities. But such conduct on the part of the public brings its own punishment. We are, today, a despised nation because we, unfortunately, placed in power, at a critical period Grover Cleveland, the incarnation of all that is commonplace, soulless and selfish in our system of government. That was in the very highest office, but, in the lower offices, we are doing no better, and we have the result in bad legislation, corrupt dealings, ever recurring official scandals and the general demoralization of the body politic. We will yet need many men "of great original genius, and of an heroic type of character" to lift us out of the slimy Slough of Despond into which we have been driven by a long course of vicious mediocrity in American politics.

BLUE BLOOD AND BAD BLOOD.

An Irish exchange says: "The present Earl of Inchiquin (Murrough O'Brien) is a direct descendant of King Brian Boru, who was slain at Clontarf in the year 1014, and who in turn was directly descended from Milesius, King of Spain, who lived nearly two thousand years before the Christian era. Representatives of the old Catholic chieftains who declined titles and honors, are to be found in 'The O'Donoghue of the Glens,' 'The Macgillycuddy of the Reeks,' 'The O'Conor Don,' whose lineage can be traced backwards upon the stream of time till it is lost in the mazes of antiquity. The family of the present Duke of Leinster, of the princely house of Geraldine, which, as the orator Curran declared in his speech on the Bill of Attainder against Lord Edward Fitzgerald, was nobler than the royalty that first ennobled it, flourished in Tuscany in the palmy days of the old Roman Empire. Compared with these the proudest lineage in England pales into insignificance."

The O'Briens of Thomand had their proportion of rascals, like the rest of mankind. A greater ruffian than the Earl of Inchiquin's namesake and ancestor, Murrough the Burner, never existed in any country. He was an able traitor, very much of the calibre of Niall Garbh O'Donnell, and was a most efficient agent of the English enemy in destroying his own country. This unholy wretch burned down the abbey of Cashel, founded by his gallant and pious ancestor, King Donald the Red. Inchiquin is an accursed name in the history of Ireland. The younger branch of this race—the O'Briens of Drumoland—furnished three patriots—Sir Lucius O'Brien, of 1782 fame, who wished to make war on Portugal in the name of an independent Ireland for outrages committed on Irish commerce at the instigation of England; Sir Edward O'Brien, who voted against the Union, and his noble son, William Smith O'Brien, who headed the abortive Irish revolution of 1848. Miss Charlotte G. O'Brien, his daughter, inherited her father's patriotism, but the sons form a portion of the British garrison in Ireland. In the short, sharp and decisive American vernacular, "they are no good," so far as Irish nationality is concerned—another proof that degeneracy in families disappears and reappears almost in alternate waves.

The O'Donoghues of the Glens were, at one time, good representatives of their people, and the late Daniel O'Donoghue, commonly called "The O'Donoghue," was the leader of the patriot section of the Irish parliamentarians five and thirty years ago. Unfortunately for his fame, he married into a Whig family, became inoculated with Whig principles, or, rather, want of principles, and died, to all intents and purposes, a renegade from his earlier political faith. His son, who is also called The O'Donoghue, lives very quietly and, so far, has given no indication of his state of feeling.

The Macgillycuddy of the Reeks has a big name—a regular mouthful in fact—but he is practically a nonentity. The Macgillycuddys are a branch of the O'Sullivans, and have certainly not improved on their gallant ancestry.

The O'Conors Don are the undoubted heirs at law of King Roderick O'Conor and "Cathal More of the Wine Red Hand," but they hadn't done a thing since Phelim and his 10,000 clansmen laid down their lives for Ireland on the slopes of Templetogher, close beside Athenry, in 1316, until the present O'Conor Don confronted England with her robbery of Ireland in his Financial Relations report last year. We hope the O'Conors Don may continue to improve. They need it.

As for the Geraldines, since Lord Edward fell, they have become milksops. The Irish has been industriously bred out of them. For four generations, at least, the Dukes of Leinster have married English wives—reversing the practise of their brave forefathers, who loved the black-haired, blue-eyed daughters of the Gael, while—

"Still they clung to fosterage, to Brehon, cloak and bard—
No king dare say to Geraldine, 'Your Irish wife discard!'"

What good is lineage unless manly characteristics accompany it? Adam is a good enough ancestor for us, although he was by no means without faults, and got us into a peck of trouble to start with. All of us Milesian Irish are of royal descent, of course, but some of us act as if we doubted it. The blood of some improves with age, while in others it turns to vinegar, or, worse still, to water. We fear the latter is the case with the O'Briens of Inchiquin, the O'Donoghues of the Glens, the O'Conors Don, the Macgillycuddys of the Reeks, and the Geraldines. They are no longer worthy of their fathers. They are degenerates.

WE have received from Mr. Luke O'Brien, secretary of the '98 Centenary and Memorial Committee, of Kilrush, County Clare, Ireland, a letter and circular which set forth the object of that body. It proposes to erect, in celebration of the glorious Irish Rebellion of 1798, a fine monument to the memory of the Manchester Martyrs, Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, in Kilrush. The memorial

will cost $5,000 at least, and the committee appeals to all national Irishmen to aid in the project. The appeal is signed by fifty-five leading citizens of Kilrush, and subscriptions should be made payable to either Luke O'Brien, Market square; William Moody, Henry street; John S. Carroll, Frances street or Thomas Roughan, Jr., Cappa, Kilrush County Clare.

NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

Owing to the necessity of going to press on Thursday nights, no report of the Emmet celebration at Central Music hall appears in this number. Neither is there a report of that in New York city, where Mr. John T. Keating, of Chicago, will preside and Mr. O'Neill Ryan, of St. Louis, deliver the oration. We will endeavor to make room for both reports in next week's issue.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF POLITICS.

[*Preceptor*—Prof. Tobias Slingmud, P. D. Q. *Pupils*—Ald. Setemup, Commissioner Calumny, Representative Slander, Ald. Knockemout, Clerk Inkspill, Col. Mactelstory, Ald. Weissbier, Maj. Shrug "and others."]

(By Underground Wire.)

Prof. Slingmud—The class will be in order. Ald. Setemup, how would you proceed to deal with a rival candidate of good habits, but with a rosy complexion?

Ald. Setemup—I'd whisper it around that he kept a private bottle, but was too mean to treat.

Prof. Slingmud—How would you deal with him if he were liberal with his money?

Ald. Setemup—I'd give it around that he was a spendthrift who didn't take care of what he had, and wasn't fit to manage the affairs of the people.

Prof. Slingmud—Very good, indeed, Setemup. Now, Commissioner Calumny, how would you deal with a rival of liberal religious opinions?

Commissioner Calumny—I'd represent him as an infidel of the worst kind to all good church people.

Prof. Slingmud—But if he were a man of strong religious convictions, how would you deal with him then?

Com. Calumny—If a Catholic, I'd represent him as being "a tool of the Jesuits." If a Protestant, I would get it out on him that he is a member of the A. P. A.

Prof. Slingmud—Capital, by Jove! Why, Commissioner, Machiavelli was a dwarf in intellect compared with you. Now, Representative Slander, how would you deal with a rival if he happened to be rich or poor, as the case might be?

Representative Slander—If rich, I'd tell "the boys" he was a bloated bondholder, a capitalistic tyrant and an upholder of trusts—the enemy of the workingman. If poor, I would get it around on him that he was in politics "for what there was in it," and that, no matter how fair his words, his hand was always behind his back for lucre.

Prof. Slingmud—Not bad at all. You are really improving, Slander, and I think you will amount to something yet.

Slander—I thank you, Professor. Many thanks to you.

Prof. Slingmud—Now, Ald. Knockemout, how would you deal with a formidable candidate against you?

Knockemout—Oh, I'd run him up against a bar and "do him up" to the Queen's taste. *Them* sneaking methods of yourn don't wash with me.

Prof. Slingmud—Go to the foot of the class, sir. Your ideas are barbaric and you are really unfit to associate with gentlemen who observe the amenities of civilized society.

Knockemout—Civilized h—! The devil himself aint meaner than you are, you lantern-jawed sneak. I'm a man, even if I ain't book larned! D—n your dirty connivin! I rely upon my muscle, and when that fails me, I'll quit politics.

Commissioner Calumny—I move his expulsion from the class.

Representative Slander—I second the motion.

The motion was carried and Ald. Knockemout retired, muttering threats of vengeance.

Prof. Slingmud—Now, Clerk Inkspill, how would you treat an antagonist of note?

Clerk Inkspill—If careful in business, I'd suggest that he was a miser and a crank, with whom nobody could work in comfort. If easy in his methods, I'd whisper that he was a dangerous man to trust with public documents or the public funds. There are more ways of killing a dog than choking him with butter.

Prof. Slingmud—Right you are, Inkspill, and you are one of my most promising pupils. That smile of yours would mislead Mephistopheles himself. With a little more of my training you will be among the first of experts. Now, Col. Mactelstory, candidate for city treasurer, how would you deal with a rival if he happened to be an Irishman?

Col. Mactelstory—Well, I'd rather not have to employ underhand means, but, if I had to, I'd give it out "on the quiet" that he beat a priest in Ireland; that he was a malignant enemy of the church, and that I heard him curse the mass on a St. Patrick's Day. If this didn't do its work effectually, I'd hint to some that he was a dynamiter, and to others that he has an understanding with Scotland Yard.

Prof. Slingmud—Very good, indeed. You progress very fast. What is the motto of this School of Politics?

Col. Mactelstory—"Throw plenty of mud—some of it is sure to stick."

Prof. Slingmud—Very good again. You are, indeed, an apt scholar, and always remember that, in politics, particularly American politics, there is no story, no matter how absurd or farfetched, that ignorance and malice will fail to swallow. They are our chief supporters, and, without ignorance and malice, politics, as we teach and understand it, would soon vanish from the earth. Therefore, it is our duty to carefully cultivate both, so that our days may be long in the land. Now, Ald. Weissbier, how would you proceed to extinguish a rival German candidate for your distinguished office?

Ald. Weissbier—Well, if he came into my place and drank only seltzer water, I'd whisper it around the ward that he was a Puritan and an enemy of personal liberty; that he believed in closing all the saloons on week days at 8 o'clock and all day on Sundays. If he drank wein or bier, I'd say to my constituents, "Look at the hog he is making of himself. Is that the kind of a man to send to do business for a business community?"

Prof. Slingmud—And if that did not suffice?

Ald. Weissbier—Then I'd tell 'em, confidentially, that he was a Dane or a Luxembourger, and, if that did't do, I'd say he was an Alsace-Lorrainer, who sympathized with the French, like the late "Fish" Miller. If that wasn't enough, I'd say he was an Anarchist?

Prof. Slingmud—You are about as smart as any of them, Weissbier, and who knows but, some day, you may become city treasurer. Then you won't forget your good, old instructor?

Ald. Weissbier—We'll see about that later on, Professor.

Prof. Slingmud—We have not yet heard from our newly-joined pupil, Maj. Shrug.

Maj. Shrug—Pardon me, Professor, but my part is chiefly pantomime. I never say nothin' against no man, great or small, but when his name is mentioned for office, if he fails to make me a small loan, I simply lift my eyebrows and shrug my shoulders so (does it like a Frenchman).

Prof. Slingmud—Very well done, indeed. You must have learned that shrug in Paree. It means anything you may please to think bad about the person shrugged at, and nothing that's good. I once knew a Frenchman who extinguished a man's character by doing just as you did, looking at him askance before company and referring to him, with significant pause and emphasis, most uncomplimentary in their effect, as "*ze zhentleman!*" Oh, the French are a great people, and, in political procedure, their rule is "multum in parvo," which translated means——

All the class interrupting—Oh, we are all Latin scholars!

Prof. Slingmud—The d—l you are. Then the old saying comes true—a man is never thoroughly a damphool until he has mastered Latin!

[Exeunt omnes in confusion.]

WILLIAM MCKINLEY is now President of the United States. Well, if William is the same man we knew in Congress, he will defend the honor of his country abroad, as well as at home; and will make the American flag an object of respect and wholesome terror, instead of a thing to be mocked and jeered at in foreign lands. Even if some blood has to be shed, William, do your duty. Remember the wise adage that you can't have omelettes without the breaking of eggs.

MR. P. M. CORDON, representing the views of the Irish-Americans of Ottawa, Ill., has written the Fairdealer of that city denouncing the desecration of St. Patrick's Day by another nationality, which has organized a bal masque—something entirely out of place—for the occasion. Mr. Cordon is right, but he should include Bruisers Corbett and Fitzsimmons, who, unfortunately, have Irish blood in their veins, in his denunciation. Truly Irish sentiment in America must be at a low ebb when such outrages can be perpetrated with impunity.

GROSVENTRE CLEVELAND has emigrated to New Jersey.

BAYARD "justified" England in backing up "the unspeakable Turk" at a banquet given in his honor (?) by "distinguished Englishman" in London, Tuesday night. What a spectacle! But, after all, he is only just a little bit worse than most of his predecessors at "the Court of St. James." The average Anglo-Yankee can't dine with a "lord" without surrendering his nationality and his manhood.

A PUBLIC duty compels us, most reluctantly, to indorse one act of the closing days of Grover Cleveland's administration—his veto of the Knownothing Immigration bill. It was, excepting for his brief stand against England in the Venezuelan question, the noblest act of his sluggish political career. Nothing in Cleveland's public life so well became him as the leaving it.

THE dirty "Christian" powers of Europe are meaner than the savage Turk. He cannot be blamed for using them to save himself. England is, as usual, the heavy villain in the despicable tragedy now being enacted in Cretan waters. Hereafter, let the peace-at-any-price knaves, fools and hypocrites in this country, who have been praising England's "enlightenment" and "civilization," shut their babbling mouths and hunt their holes. "Christian England" has again shown herself to be the accomplished Mother of Cant and aider of assassins. She is the whited sepulchre of the nations.

NOW, President McKinley, you have a fair field. Hurry up and bring us that millenium.

MRS. HENRY F. DONOVAN, No. 802 Webster avenue, gave a progressive cinch party on Washington's birthday for her daughter, Miss Frances Donovan. Those present were: Misses Harriet Johnson, Maud Johnson, Hester Spaulding, Gretchen Boldt, Ethel Shirlock, Messrs. P. W. Schlorf, W. H. Parkhill, V. E. Brown, G. E. Smith, R. Cassleman, H. Kern, Ernest Hudson, Edward Bassette.

SENATOR P. V. FITZPATRICK announces a meeting of citizens of the First Senatorial District on Saturday evening, March 6, at 8 o'clock, in the club room of Central hall, corner Wabash avenue and Twenty-second street, to consider and advise on the following two important subjects now before the legislature for action: Sanitary District of Chicago new tax for 1898-9, and Department Stores. Persons interested, either for or against, are invited to be present to discuss the subjects. All citizens of the district are invited to be present.

REGULATIONS FOR LENT.

The following are the Lenten regulations for this Archdiocese: Flesh meat may be used at all the meals on Sunday, and once each day at the principal meal on the following days: On all Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays. On all Saturdays except Saturday of Ember week and Holy Saturday. Flesh and fish are not allowed at the same meal. Custom, tolerated by the church, permits coffee, tea or chocolate, with a small piece of bread, to be taken in the morning. Custom allows the use of eggs, butter, milk, etc., at the evening collation. The following persons are not obliged to feast, viz., the sick and those in feeble health; women nursing children; all who are engaged in laborious and exhaustive occupations; the young who have not completed their 21st year; and those who have reached the 60th year of their age. By an indult of the 15th of March, 1895, the Holy See has given for ten years, to the Bishops of the United States, the faculty of dispensing, in favor of working people, with the law of abstinence on certain days. By virtue of this indult and dispensation of Lent, working people are permitted to to use flesh meat once a day on all fast and abstinence days of the year except Fridays, Ash Wednesday, Wednesday and Saturday in Holy Week, and the Vigil of Christmas. The above dispensation is granted not only to working men and women, but also to their entire families.

HAHNEMANN HOSPITAL CONCERT.

A Most Successful and Enjoyable Musical and Social Event.

A highly successful concert for the benefit of Hahnemann hospital was held at Steinway Hall on Thursday evening, Feb. 25. The classic and beautiful hall was filled to its capacity by an interested and appreciative audience. Among those in the auditorium or the boxes were noticed Dr. R. and Mrs. Ludlam, Dr. and Mrs. George F. Shears, Mrs. Prof. Hale, Dr. and Mrs. Crawford, Dr. Vilas and family, John B. Jeffrey and family, Dr. Arnulphy and family, Mr. Philip Maher and daughters, Messrs. and Mmes. H. N. Higinbotham, J. J. West, W. S. Harvey, J. J. Mitchell, H. V. Halbert, R. W. Buell, John F. Finerty, Mesdames Lyman Blair, J. G. McBean, M. T. Green, O. B. Phelps, C. H. Bogue, S. D. Kimbark, Misses Robinson, Higinbotham, Mitchell, Page, Messrs. F. Wheeler, J. McEwen, Roy McBean, E. H. Pratt and many others. The programme was phenomenally successful from first to last, and was rendered as follows:

PART I.

Organ—Overture "Princess Josephine" (By Request).....DeCoster
P. Darlington DeCoster.
Quartette—"The Night is Still."
.....Willis Clark
Hahnemann Quartette.
Pianoforte—"Polonaise".....Chopin
Miss Regina Zeisler.
Violin—"Carmen Fantasie" ....Hubay
Max Bendix.
Song—"Spring".....Henschel
Mrs. Genevieve Clark Wilson.
Pianoforte—"Hungarian Fantasie".....Liszt
Otto Pfefferkorn.

PART II.

Orchestra—"Quartetto Rigoletto"
..... Arr. by Libonati
The Chicago Mandolin Orchestra.
Song—"The Two Grenadiers"
..... Schumann
Karleton Hackett.
Violin—(a) "Adagio Religioso"
.....Vieux-temps
(b) "La Farfella".....Sauret
Max Bendix.
Songs—(a) "Liebeslieder".....Dvorak
(b) "He Loves Me"..Chadwick
(c) "Why so Pale are the Roses".....Tschaikowsky
George Hamlin.
Quartette—"The Long Day Closes"
.....Sullivan
The Hahnemann Quartette.
Orchestra—"Intermezzo"—"Cavalleria Rusticana".....Mascagni
The Chicago Mandolin Orchestra.

New Catholic Church.

The Church of St. Charles Borromeo, erected during the last year at a cost of $100,000, was dedicated at 11 o'clock last Sunday morning with appropriate exercises. The Chancellor of the Archdiocese of Chicago, the Rev. N. J. Mooney, in the absence of Archbishop Feehan, officiated. Assisting the chancellor were the Rev. Father P. J. Muldoon, pastor of the new church, and his assistants, the Rev. Fathers J. J. Coughlin, J. J. Jennings and William Kearney. The newly-built house of worship is situated at the northwest corner of Twelfth and Cypress streets.

Promptly at 11 o'clock Chancellor Mooney, followed by the pastor of the church and a retinue of altar boys and a choir of thirty boys dressed in white, entered the church. All the pews were occupied when the ceremonies commenced. Solemn requiem high mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Mooney.

The church is not as yet completed. The tower, which will be 206 feet high, has not yet been commenced and considerable interior work still remains unfinished. All the work, however, will be in good order in a few months.

The new edifice is built of brown stone. On the Twelfth street side 150 feet is taken up by the building and 126 feet on Cypress street. The Rev. Father Muldoon, who has charge of St. Charles' church, is only 33 years old. Before taking charge of the parish he was secretary to the Archbishop. He received his appointment to the pastorate of the church in 1895. Nearly 1,000 families belong to St. Charles' parish.

OBITUARY.

MR. JOHN GERALD GRIFFIN.

We regret very deeply to have to announce the death of Mr. John Gerald Griffin, which occurred at the residence of his brother in Wheaton, Ill., on Monday, in the 40th year of his age. He had been suffering from pulmonary trouble for some time, and had traveled extensively in the South and West in the hope of benefitting his health. Mr. Griffin was, for many years, connected with the St. Louis daily press and also did good work, as a correspondent, for papers published in this city and elsewhere. He was intensely patriotic in the American as well as the Irish sense, and was possessed of more than ordinary gifts of mind. His premature death will cast a gloom over the family circle, of which he was an idol, and thousands of friends and acquaintances will sincerely mourn for the early passing away of one endowed with so many sterling and winning qualities. He leaves besides his brother, Mr. W. T. Griffin, of Wheaton, Ill., a sister, Miss Mary Griffin, to mourn his loss. THE CITIZEN extends to the family of Mr. Griffin its respectful sympathy. In addition to his connection with journalism Mr. Griffin was, for many years, solicitor of the Western Union Telegraph Company, and was a particular favorite of Mr. F. W. Brainerd, the Superintendent of the Time Service Department.

The funeral services were held on Wednesday morning at St. Michael's church, Wheaton, and were attended by relatives, friends and prominent citizens of Chicago and St. Louis. Solemn requiem mass for the dead was celebrated by the Rev. Father DeLaporte, who delivered an eloquent funeral oration, in which he feelingly referred to the many virtues that had distinguished the deceased. The remains were interred in St. Michael's cemetery, Wheaton, amid every manifestation of respect and sympathy. Among the prominent people present at the funeral were Miss Cecelia Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. John Gorman, and Mr. John Moran, of St. Louis; Judge M. W. Hogan, J. J. Lane, Thos. S. Hogan, John Carmody, F. W. Brainerd, Henry Grote, Mrs. Charles G. McNeil, Mrs. Ezrath Booth, Misses Minnie and Nellie Lynch, James Armstrong, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Garrity, Daniel Sheehan, Wheaton; Mr. and Mrs. James P. McGarry, Lombard, Ill.

MISS NELLIE L. O'BEIRNE.

Our good friend Mr. Patrick O'Beirne and his wife have been severely afflicted in the death of their daughter, Miss Nellie L. O'Beirne, who died on Monday, aged 21 years. She was an amiable and promising young lady, a devout communicant of her church, and her death is an irreparable loss to her sadly stricken parents, who have the profound sympathy of the community in their affliction. The funeral occurred on Wednesday from the family residence, No. 340 West Harrison street, to St. Patrick's church, where requiem mass was celebrated by the Rev. T. F. Galligan, assisted by other clergyman. An immense cortege accompanied the remains to Calvary cemetery, where they were laid to rest in the family burial place.

MR. JOHN CORBETT.

Mr. John Corbett, a resident of Chicago for forty-five years, died at his residence, No. 5 Johnson street, after a few week's illness, the result of catarrh of the stomach, aged 65 years. The deceased worked for the Pittsburgh and Fort Wayne railroad for thirty-one years as construction and section superintendent. No man in his capacity was more popular with his fellow employes, or held in higher esteem by his employers. He leaves a widow, five sons and two daughters, all grown, to mourn his loss. The funeral took place from the Holy Family church on Wednesday of last week. A requiem high mass was celebrated. After the services the large funeral cortege proceeded to the Union depot by carriages, and from thence to Calvary cemetery by the Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad. Requiescat in pace.

THE APES OF ANPEAN.

A Poetical Portrayal of A. P. Aism, by E. F. O'RIORDAN, 1216 Unity Building, Chicago. Sample Copies 10 cents.

Agents wanted.

The Century.

A first prize of $500 and a number of smaller prizes have been offered by the Century Co., publishers of the Century dictionary and cyclopedia, for the best answers to a hundred and fifty questions covering a broad range of information. A sample question, which is easier than some of them, is as follows: "What is the approximate difference in altitude between the loftiest Alpine summit and the bed of the greatest depression in the Mediterranean basin?"

An additional prize of $500 is offered to any one who can answer 90 per cent. of the questions from any ten published works of reference other than the Century dictionary and cyclopedia.

The March Century is to be an "inauguration number," devoted especially to articles on life in the White House and at the Capital, illustrated with a great number of interesting pictures, including two new portraits of Major McKinley and one of President Cleveat his desk—all from photographs taken especially for the Century. A large edition will be printed. The interest in the Century's serials, "Campaigning with Grant" and Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker," is so great that both the January and February numbers went out of print almost immediately upon issue.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

A Full List of the City and Town Candidates Nominated by the Convention Held at Battery D Friday Week.

At the city convention of the Republican party, held at Battery D on Friday of last week, the following ticket was placed in nomination:

For Mayor, Nathaniel C. Sears, Twenty-fifth ward.
For City Treasurer, Charles E. Gross, Thirty-second ward, Hyde Park.
For City Attorney, Roy O. West, Thirtieth ward, Lake.
For City Clerk, F. A. Lundin, Twenty-eighth ward, Cicero.

The following Republican town tickets were also nominated:

South Town—Assessor, John W. Hepburn, Fourth ward.
Supervisor, Samuel H. Trude, Third ward.
Collector, James A. Hogan, Sixth ward.
Clerk, A. H. Roberts, Second ward.
West Town—Assessor, James Reddick.
Supervisor, Ernest Wiedel.
Collector, James F. Stepina.
Clerk, James Abern.
North Town—Assessor, Charles W. Anderson.
Collector, Frank M. Blair.
Supervisor, A. H. Halgren.
Clerk, Matthias Hibbler.
Hyde Park—Assessor, Charles E. Randall.
Collector, John J. Hanberg.
Supervisor, E. H. Olson.
Clerk, H. C. Robinson.

John M. Smyth presided at the city convention and called on each ward to send in members of the City Central Republican committee, which was done as follows:

First ward, E. R. Brainerd; Second, Daniel J. May; Third, Robert J. McDonald; Fourth, Martin B. Madden; Fifth, Charles Schmidt; Sixth, Joseph J. Murphy; Seventh, J. P. Cavanaugh; Eighth, J. J. Banks; Ninth, J. E. Bidwell; Tenth, J. L. Monaghan; Eleventh, T. W. Sennott; Twelfth, James L. Morris; Thirteenth, Geo. Grunnett; Fourteenth, William C. Eggert; Fifteenth, J. A. Devine; Sixteenth, Jacob M. Horn; Seventeenth, J. H. Burke; Eighteenth, Albert Glade; Nineteenth, William C. Hermann; Twentieth, Peter Hauprich; Twenty-first, H. C. Farwell; Twenty-second, F. A. Busse; Twenty-third, R. F. Clettenberg; Twenty-fourth, Henry L. Williams; Twenty-fifth, Arthur W. Pulver; Twenty-sixth, Scott McVeagh; Twenty-seventh, Hubert Butler; Twenty-eighth, William Barclay; Twenty-ninth, Bernard Duffy; Thirtieth, (Not appointed); Thirty-first, (In dispute); Thirty-second, Herman Phillips; Thirty-third, John Hamburg; Thirty-fourth, Kitt Gould.

Samuel B. Raymond, who is supposed to have no personal or political foes, and who is, therefore, acceptable to all sections of his party, has been chosen chairman of the Executive Republican Campaign committee. Samuel is not thin, but he has a pile of energy bottled up in his well filled out form, so that our Democratic fellow-citizens will have to be on their mettle when they get down to work.

HYMENEAL.

FEENEY-SHEEHAN.

The marriage of Miss Mollie Sheehan, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Sheehan, to Joseph Feeney was celebrated at Holy Angels' church, Wednesday evening at 6 o'clock, Rev. Father Tighe officiating. The bride wore ivory satin with pearl trimmings, a veil and diamond ornaments. She entered the church leaning on her father's arm. Preceding her were Miss Kathryn Feeney, maid of honor, and John Sheehan, the best man, and John Cullam and William Sheehan, ushers. The maid of honor wore cream white satin en train with garniture of point duchesse. A reception followed the ceremony, and was held at the residence of the bride's parents, 3600 Vernon avenue. The mother of the bride received in myrtle green silk with lace and jeweled passementerie trimmings. Among those present were: Messrs. and Mesdames W. O'Brien, C. Corcoran, Walter Byrne, John O'Malley, A. B. Perrigo, R. Collins, M. Collins, McGraw, Donovan, McMahon, O'Connell, Goodman, Callaghan, Doyle, Maxwell, Inglis, Powers, Hayes.

"After the Grip I had a terrible cough, and was a total wreck. I took four bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and it relieved the cough, and I am now in perfect health. I always keep Hood's Sarsaparilla on hand."—Mrs. Paul Bresh, 2941 Fifth avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills.

IRISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

How to Form Councils.

First let a meeting be held of those desirous of affiliating with the Irish National Alliance. If not already an organized body, let them proceed to organize themselves under any name that may be desired, and elect a President, Treasurer and Secretary. The initiation fee of $1.00 per member must be paid in advance, and 50 cents per head at the end of each three months thereafter. Of the moneys so received hall rent and stationery shall be deducted, and of the balance 25 per cent shall be retained by the Council and 75 per cent shall be remitted to the National Treasurer, P. V. Fitzpatrick, No. 154 Twenty-second street, Chicago. Having complied with these conditions, application for a charter should be made to the National Secretary, C. O'Connor McLoughlin, No. 51 East One Hundred and Twenty-second street, New York, who, on information that the Treasurer has received the required remittance, will forward charter in due course. The name and full address of the Presidents of Councils at least should be forwarded to the National Secretary. Constitutions are now ready for distribution.

The Irish Language

The Irish classes conducted by the Gaelic League of Chicago, meet for study every Sunday at 2:30 p. m., at room 119, city hall. All Gaels who wish to acquire a knowledge of the ancient language of their race, are invited to join the Gaelic League. Competent teachers are provided. There is no fee or expense, whatever, to be met except for the purchase of books, which are supplied at cost, by Mr. William Raliegh, and which may be obtained from him at the class rooms or at his residence, 735 South Canal street, Chicago.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester N. Y.*

An Old Nurse for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

DR. A. F. CONROY,

DENTIST,

McVicker's Theatre Building,

ROOM 20.

Set of Teeth	$4.00
Best Set	8.00
22k. Gold Crowns	4.75
Silver Filling	.30
Gold Filling	1.00
Bridge Work, per tooth	5.00
Gold Plates	30.00

Harelip or Cleft, Palate Cancers, Tumors and all diseases of the mouth a Specialty. Consultation Free. Children's teeth examined free on Saturday from 2 to 4 p. m.

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Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,

79 DEARBORN ST. SUITE 541-3.

Telephone Main 860.

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TELEPHONE MAIN 2081.

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59 DEARBORN-ST., SUITE 311,

(Real Estate Board Building).

CHICAGO.

JOHN P. McGOORTY

Counselor-at-Law,

616, 618 and 620 REAPER BLOCK,

N. E. Cor. Washington and Clark sts.

Telephone Main 4224. CHICAGO.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Probate Court of Cook County. In the matter of the estate of Richard Pigott, deceased.

Notice is hereby given to Eliza Burke, of Hidsvold in the Colony of Queensland, Australia, one of the heirs at law of said deceased, that the undersigned administrator of said estate will present his final account as such administrator to said Court on Monday the tenth (10) day of May A. D. 1897, at 2 o'clock p. m. of that day, at the Court House in the City of Chicago, in the County and State aforesaid, and ask that the same be approved, and he discharged from further duty.

WILLIAM PIGOTT,
Administrator of the estate of Richard Pigott, deceased.
Matthew P. Brady, Solicitor.
1202 Ashland Block, Chicago.

P. B. FLANAGAN, ATTORNEY, 611 ASHLAND BLOCK.

ESTATE OF CATHERINE MCCORMICK, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Catherine McCormick, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April, A. D. 1897, being the 19th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, February 17, 1897.
DANIEL MCCORMICK, Administrator.
P. B. Flanagan, Attorney.

ESTATE OF EMMA MARSHALL, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Emma Marshall, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April, A. D. 1897, being the 19th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, February 17, 1897.
FREDERICK MELCHIOR,
Administrator, with the will annexed.
P. B. Flanagan, Attorney.

THE CHICAGO CITIZEN.

[PUBLISHED WEEKLY.]

JOHN F. FINERTY,

CHIEF EDITOR.

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All Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CHICAGO CITIZEN Company.

Official Newspaper of the A. O. H. of Illinois and the United Irish Societies of Chicago and Cook County.

CHICAGO, MARCH 6, 1897.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—Mr. E. S. Willard.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"Shamus O'Brien."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—The Bostonians.

GREAT NORTHERN THEATRE.
Jackson street, between Dearborn and State—Camille D'Arville.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Frank Daniel's Opera Company.

CLIFFORD'S GAIETY THEATRE,
Washington-st., between Clark and LaSalle—"Little Miss Chicago."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Vaudeville.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Variety.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway.
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

WASHINGTON'S WARNING TO AMERICANS.

Washington's farewell address to the American people at the close of his second, and last, term in the presidential office, has been frequently alluded to in the newspapers and by oratorical senators [illegible] controversy in regard to the Cleveland-Olney-Pauncefoot confidence operation known as the Anglo-American Arbitration Treaty. It is, perhaps, well known to most reading people that Washington and John Jay laid themselves open to severe censure when they negotiated and carried into effect the first commercial treaty with England following the revolution, and in the closing portion of the second term of the Father of his Country. That treaty gave great offense to those Americans who thought the owed gratitude to France on account of the assistance given their country in the darkest hours of the struggle with England, and also exasperated the French Republic to such a degree that open warfare with indignant Gaul was narrowly avoided. The French minister, Fauchet, accused, in a letter which the British intercepted and sent to Washington, Secretary of State Edmund Randolph of hinting at a money consideration if the interests of France were to be regarded by the administration. Washington, at an informal cabinet meeting, handed the letter to Randolph, who read it, denied the accuracy of the statement and resigned immediately. Washington accepted the resignation. Randolph called Fauchet to account, and the latter explained that the purport of his letter had been misconceived, and that Randolph had never even hinted at compensation for himself or others.

The ex-secretary then came out in a long letter to the public, in which he sought to vindicate himself and blamed Washington for injustice and severity. These and other causes led to extreme dissatisfaction with Washington, and the opposition papers abused him without stint. So base and bitter was some of this abuse that even the Billingsgate of the personal press of today is innocuous by comparison. No doubt the slanders hurled at him by his enemies led Washington to decline being a candidate for a third term. He wished to get rid of the burden of office, and of the load of vilification at the same time. It was a happy resolution, for had he accepted another term, he would have died in the midst of a miserable fight of factions, and much of the aureole of glory that now hallows his memory would have been dissipated. Even when his farewell address was read, and the thanks of Congress were proposed for his great services to his country, Mr. Giles, of Virginia, in the House, opposed the motion in a bitter speech. Eleven other representatives voted with him on a dissentent resolution, and, strange to say, among the disgruntled dozen was the American patriot second only in renown to Washington himself, and who then represented Tennessee, Andrew Jackson!

The bitter discussion of the treaty with England, evidently inspired a goodly portion of the famous, but too often misquoted, address. It is a document that should be studied by every American, whether native or adopted, as it bears about the same relation to the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of 1787, that the epistles of St. Paul do to the Acts of the Apostles. In speaking of America's relations to foreign countries, Washington said:

"In the execution of such a plan (the observing of good faith and justice toward all nations) nothing is more essential than that permanent, inveterate antipathies against particular nations and passionate attachments for others should be excluded, and that in place of them just and amicable feelings toward all should be cultivated. The nation which indulges towards another an habitual hatred or an habitual fondness is, in some degree, a slave. It is a slave to its animosity or to its affection, either of which is sufficient to lead it astray from its duty and its interests. Antipathy in one nation against another disposes each more readily to offer insult and injury, to lay hold of slight causes of umbrage and to be haughty and intractable when accidental or trifling occasions of dispute occur. Hence frequent collisions, obstinate, envenomed and bloody contests. The nation prompted by ill will and resentment sometimes impels to war the government, contrary to the best calculations of policy. The government sometimes participates in the national propensity and adopts through passion what reason would reject; at other times it makes the animosity of the nation subservient to projects of hostility instigated by pride, ambition and other sinister and pernicious motives. The peace often, sometimes, perhaps, the liberty of nations has been the victim.

"So, likewise, a passionate attachment of one nation for another produces a variety of evils—sympathy for the favorite nation, facilitating the illusion of an imaginary common interest in cases where no real common interest exists, and imposing upon one the enmities of the other, betrays the former into a participation of the quarrels and wars of the latter without adequate inducement or justification. It leads also to concessions to the favorite nation of privileges denied to others, which is apt doubly to injure the nation making the concessions, by unnecessarily parting with what ought to have been retained, and by exciting jealousy, ill will and a disposition to retaliate in the parties from whom equal privileges are withheld, and it gives to ambitious, corrupted or deluded citizens, who devote themselves to the favorite nation, facility to betray, or sacrifice, the interests of their own country, without odium, sometimes even with popularity—gilding with the appearance of a virtuous sense of obligation, a commendable defiance of public opinion, or a laudable zeal for the public good, the base or foolish compliances of ambition, corruption or infatuation."

[The foregoing paragraph of the address would seem to convey the quality of prophesy, for it exactly applies to the conduct of Cleveland, Olney and Bayard in regard to the Anglo-American arbitration treaty.—ED.]

Continuing the great Father of his Country said:

"As avenues to foreign influence in innumerable ways such attachments are particularly alarming to the truly enlightened and independent patriot. How many opportunities do they afford to tamper with domestic faction, to practise the arts of seduction, to mislead public opinion, to influence or awe the public councils! Such an attachment of a small or weak towards a great and powerful nation, dooms the former to be the satellite of the latter.

"So, likewise, a passionate attachment of one nation for another produces a variety of evils—sympathy for the favorite nation, facilitating the illusion of an imaginary common interest in cases where no real common interest exists, and imposing upon one the enmities of the other, betrays the former into a participation of the quarrels and wars of the latter without adequate inducement or justification. It leads also to concessions to the favorite nation of privileges denied to others, which is apt doubly to injure the nation making the concessions, by unnecessarily parting with what ought to have been retained, and by exciting jealousy, ill will and a disposition to retaliate in the parties from whom equal privileges are withheld, and it gives to ambitious, corrupted or deluded citizens, who devote themselves to the favorite nation, facility to betray, or sacrifice, the interests of their own country, without odium, sometimes even with popularity—gilding with the appearance of a virtuous sense of obligation, a commendable defiance of public opinion, or a laudable zeal for the public good, the base or foolish compliances of ambition, corruption or infatuation."

"Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence, I conjure you to believe me, fellow citizens, the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake, since history and experience prove that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of Republican government; but that jealousy to be useful must be impartial, else it becomes the instrument of the very influence to be avoided instead of a defense against it. Excessive partiality for one foreign nation and excessive dislike of another, cause those whom they actuate to see danger only on one side, and serve to veil and even second the arts and influence on the other. Real patriots who may resist the intrigues of the favorite, are liable to become suspected and odious, while its tools and dupes usurp the applause and confidence of the people, only to surrender their interests.

"The great rule of conduct for us in regard to foreign nations is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political connection as possible. So far as we have already formed entanglements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop.

"Europe has a set of primary interests, which to us have none or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves by artificial ties in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities.

"Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people under an efficient government, the period is not far off when we may defy material injury from external annoyance; when we may take up such an attitude as will cause the neutrality we may at any time resolve upon to be scrupulously respected; when belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation, when we may choose peace or war as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel.

"Why forego the advantage of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own to stand on foreign ground? Why by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalship, interest, honor or caprice?

"It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent [not 'entangling' as frequently misquoted.—ED.] alliances with any portion of the foreign world—so far I mean as we are now at liberty to do it—for let me not be understood as capable of patronizing infidelity to existing engagements. I hold the maxim no less applicable to public than to private affairs, that honesty is always the best policy. I repeat it, therefore, let those engagements be observed in their genuine sense; but, in my opinion, it is unnecessary and would be unwise to extend them.

"Taking care always to keep ourselves by suitable establishments in a respectably defensive posture, we may safely trust to temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies.

"Harmony, liberal intercourse with all nations, are recommended by policy, humanity and interest, but even our commercial policy should hold an equal and impartial hand—neither seeking nor granting exclusive favors or preferences—consulting the natural course of things—diffusing and diversifying by gentle means the streams of commerce but forcing nothing—establishing with powers so disposed in order to give to trade a stable course, to define the rights of our merchants and to enable government to support them—conventional rules of intercourse, the best that present circumstances and mutual opinion will permit; but temporary and liable to be from time to time abandoned or varied, as experience and circumstance shall dictate; constantly keeping in view that it is folly for one nation to look for disinterested favors from another; that it must pay with a portion of its independence for whatever it may accept under that character—that by such acceptance it may place itself in the condition of having given equivalents for nominal favors and yet of being reproached with ingratitude for not giving more. There can be no greater error than to expect or calculate upon rare favors from nation to nation. It is an illusion which experience must cure, which a just pride ought to discard."

The foregoing noble and simply patriotic sentiments could not have been in the minds of the majority of the United States Senate when they contemplated passing the Anglo-American Arbitration Treaty. They must also have been absent from the memory of a majority of the editors of American newspapers who approved the sinister proposition without giving it sufficient thought. The opposition of the New York Sun, the Chicago Tribune, the Irish World and Irish Republic of New York, the Pilot of Boston, the San Francisco Nation, the Minneapolis Irish Standard, THE CHICAGO CITIZEN, and a few other daily and weekly journals throughout the Union, sustained the gallant Senate minority, led by Morgan, Mills, Daniel and Teller and, finally, succeeded in having the dangerous instrument temporarily laid aside. The efforts of all friends of absolute American independence should be concentrated against any renewal of the attempt to have it favorably acted upon by the new senate. The base conduct of England toward the unfortunate Cretan Christians, her brazen support of the savage Turk and the evident acquiescence of the English people, as a whole, in the treacherous and dastardly policy of their infamous government, have shaken the faith of millions of unreflecting Americans—always caught by sentiment—in the sincerity of England's professions of a humane desire for universal arbitration. The senators, editors and others, who opposed the ratification of the perfidious treaty have had their share of abuse and condemnation from the shallow and thoughtless, but they can afford to despise such criticism conscious as they are of having saved their country from a great danger. The motto of every American citizen should be: "Never be afraid to do what you conceive to be a public duty, even if it brings you temporary blame and unpopularity."

IRISH ARMS, FLAGS AND UNIFORMS.

A respected friend and correspondent has written to us to define for him, if possible, the antiquity of the Green Flag, with the Golden Harp, now universally accepted as the national ensign of Ireland. We do not profess to be an antiquary, nor have we just now access to documents, which doubtless exist among historical archives in Dublin and London, to establish the period at which it was first adopted by the Irish people as a whole. Thomas Darcy McGee, however, in his "History of Ireland," and also in his stirring "Life of Art McMurrough, King of Leinster," quotes documents which show that the clans of that royal province, under their heroic chief, carried the Green Flag in battle. Now, however, McGee is reinforced by the Rev. J. F. Ffrench, of Clonegal, who has recently written an interesting article on "The Arms of Ireland," in the Archæological Journal, published at Waterford. In discussing those arms, which are tolerably well known, Mr. Ffrench takes occasion to deal also with the subject of the flag, and in this connection says:

"One thing relating to the arms of Ireland still remains to be considered. How did the green attain its present position as above all other colors that which is symbolical of the Emerald Isle? Various reasons have been suggested. One is that it originated with the Ulster United Irishmen, who made a blending of orange and blue, and thus produced green; but the following extract from a letter of Father Matthew O'Hartigan, dated from Paris, Oct. 17, 1642, shows that vert, or emerald green, was borne as an Irish standard long before their time: 'Col. Owne Ro his frigot is back to Dunkerk full of butter, tallow and hides. This frigot bears the Irish harp in a green field in a flag in the main top.' This was the Col. Owen Roe O'Neill who landed in the County Donegal on July 13, 1642. We also find in a book published in The Hague, A. D. 1727, the arms of Ireland given as 'Il est vert, charge d'une harpe d'or.' (Green bearing a harp of gold.) The real reason for the prominence of green seems to be the heraldic one—that the heralds have made in the color of the field or ground of the Imperial Province of Leinster. Our readers will remember that the arms given by Sir William Hawkins and Mr. Whitens, of the Heralds' office, to Mr. O'Halloran some eighty years ago, were a golden harp with silver strings on a green ground, and the arms of Leinster still remains 'Vert, an Irish harp or stringed ar.'

"So completely has this passed away from remembrance that when a well known Dublin antiquarian friend of the writer's was applied to by a southern gentlemen for the correct arms of Leinster he sent him the foregoing and immediately received the reply: 'Come now, do not be trying to humbug me; I know the popular arms well enough, but I want the correct arms.' If we could only accept a note in Moore's Melodies as history, it would give a venerable origin to green as the principal color which should be borne on an Irish standard. Moore gives a fac simile of a so-called ancient Irish inscription in the folio edition of his Irish Melodies, p. 84, the translation of which is:

'A yellow lion upon green satin,
The standard of the heroes of the Red Branch,
Which Connor carried in battle
During his frequent wars for the expulsion of foreigners.'

To which Mr. Moore adds the following note: 'The inscription upon Connor's tomb (for the fac simile of which I am indebted to Mr. Murphy, chaplain of the late Lady Moira) has not, I believe, been noticed by antiquarian or traveler.' This inscription is to be found on an Eighteenth century tombstone in the abbey church of Mulnifarnham, which was founded by William Delamar in the year 1236. Consequently it would not be a likely place to find the tomb of Connor or Cohchebhar MacNessa, who died in the beginning of the First century. But Mr. Moore evidently never saw the first part of the inscription on this tombstone, which immediately precedes the Irish inscription, and which runs as follows:

'Pray for the soul of James Gaynor, of Leany, died January the 15th, 1764, aged 66 years. Also for his ancestors and posterity.' James Gaynor's posterity evidently wished to make history.

"The prominence of green seems to be sufficiently accounted for by the fact that it is the field of the shield of the province that contains the capital city, just as blue is the field of Munster, and black and gold of Connaught."

We are not aware that the Irish army of King James II. carried green flags, but certain it is that the harp was displayed on the standard which waved over Dublin castle during his occupation of Dublin. All the men who wrote of the Williamite wars, and who were eye-witnesses, from either the English or the Irish standpoint, Story, Parker, O'Kelly, etc., failed, most unaccountably, to state what colors either the Williamites or the Jacobites displayed. It is quite probable that the uniforms of both armies—except those of the Dutch, Danes, Brandenburghers and Huguenots with William, and the French regulars with James, wore scarlet coats—the color, or "royal livery," of the House of Stuart, which has become celebrated as the "red rag" of England. One authority (Mr. P. G. Smyth, we think), says that the English army that fought at Aughrim was clothed in gray; while Macaulay, in his "History of England," affirms that "the ranks were one blaze of scarlet." Mr. Smyth also says that the flags carried by the Irish brigade at Fontenoy, and elsewhere on the continent of Europe, were not of green, and bore no Irish designation whatever. The proof is incontestible that the Brigade was uniformed in scarlet, out of compliment to the exiled House of Stuart, and they paid bloodily for this at Fontenoy, where the French carbineers fired upon the Irish regiments just as they struck the flank of Cumberland's column, mistaking them, on account of the similarity of uniform, for British troops. As Mr. P. G. Smyth is now a citizen of Chicago, and as no Irishman living is better qualified to throw light upon the subject, we would much like to hear from him in regard to Irish flags and uniforms

VICIOUS MEDIOCRITY IN POLITICS.

The unexpected is always happening in American politics. Who could have thought, in 1884, that so common-place a person as Grover Cleveland could have beaten the brilliant Blaine? And, in 1892, the energetic and patriotic Harrison? Nor is it in national affairs alone that surprises are ever occurring. Our municipal elections constantly throw upon the surface of politics men absolutely obscure, who are forced upon the helpless people by those remorseless engines of oppression known as political machines. Organization is a necessity to all political parties, but a machine is not organization—it is tyranny. Men may not be absolutely bad and yet not be acceptable to the public, because the public cannot understand why men, almost unheard of before, should be given the most representative places in National, State and municipal government in preference to others who are well known, duly qualified and capable of conferring dignity on any position to which they may be elected. America is peculiarly unfortunate in this respect, particularly in times of peace. In times of war, or in periods immediately succeeding conflict, the spirit of the nation—essentially warlike, in spite of its strong commercial tendency—decides that its military heroes, high or humble, must have precedence of all others in office. Now, however, after a generation of peace, the nonentities are having it nearly all their own way again. President McKinley is an exception, because he was not alone a brave and conscientious soldier, but was long one of the chief figures in the grand council of the nation at Washington and later showed his executive ability as governor of the splendid State of Ohio. And even McKinley had quite a narrow escape from being beaten for the presidency by a young gentleman, who, whatever his intellectual qualifications, was certainly a new actor on the political stage when his successful competitor was already a veteran grown gray in honorable public service.

But is America the only country that presents this object lesson in practical politics? According to the noted historian, W. E. H. Lecky, it is not. In the opening sentences of the eighteenth chapter of his "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," Mr. Lecky says: "The qualities of mind and character which in modern societies have proved most sucessful in political life are, for the most part, of a wholly different order from those which lead to eminence in spheres of pure intellect or pure moral effort. Originality and profundity of thought, the power of tracing principles to their obscure and distant consequences, the intellectual and imaginative insight which penetrates to the heart of things and expresses in a perennial form the deeper emotions or finer shades of human character, can be of little or no service in practical politics. Nor are the moral qualities that are required in the higher [or the lower?—ED.] spheres of statesmanship those of a hero or a saint. Passionate earnestness and self-devotion, complete concentration of every faculty on an unselfish aim, uncalculating daring, a delicacy of conscience and a loftiness of purpose far exceeding those of the average of men, are here likely to prove rather a hindrance than an assistance. The politician deals very largely with the superficial and the common-place; his art is, in a great measure, that of skilful compromise, and in the conditions of modern life the statesman is likely to succeed the best who possesses secondary qualities to an unusual degree, who is in the closest intellectual and moral sympathy with the average of the intelligent men of his time, and who pursues common ideals with more than common ability. 'The first quality of a prime minister, in a free country,' said Horace Walpole, 'is to have more common sense than any man.' [Walpole, be it remembered, was the English statesman who uttered the degrading aphorism, 'Every man has his price'—ED.] Tact, business talent, knowledge of men, resolution, promptitude and sagacity in dealing with immediate emergencies, a character which lends itself easily to conciliation, diminishes friction and inspires confidence, are especially needed, and they are more likely to be found among shrewd and enlightened men of the world than among men of great original genius or of an heroic type of character."

True, every word, Mr. Lecky, and certainly not more emphasized in Great Britain than in this country, where we have time and again defeated our most brilliant statesmen for appalling mediocrities. But such conduct on the part of the public brings its own punishment. We are, today, a despised nation because we, unfortunately, placed in power, at a critical period Grover Cleveland, the incarnation of all that is commonplace, soulless and selfish in our system of government. That was in the very highest office, but, in the lower offices, we are doing no better, and we have the result in bad legislation, corrupt dealings, ever recurring official scandals and the general demoralization of the body politic. We will yet need many men "of great original genius, and of an heroic type of character" to lift us out of the slimy Slough of Despond into which we have been driven by a long course of vicious mediocrity in American politics.

BLUE BLOOD AND BAD BLOOD.

An Irish exchange says: "The present Earl of Inchiquin (Murrough O'Brien) is a direct descendant of King Brian Boru, who was slain at Clontarf in the year 1014, and who in turn was directly descended from Milesius, King of Spain, who lived nearly two thousand years before the Christian era. Representatives of the old Catholic chieftains who declined titles and honors, are to be found in "The O'Donoghue of the Glens,' 'The Macgillycuddy of the Reeks,' 'The O'Conor Don,' whose lineage can be traced backwards upon the stream of time till it is lost in the mazes of antiquity. The family of the present Duke of Leinster, of the princely house of Geraldine, which, as the orator Curran declared in his speech on the Bill of Attainder against Lord Edward Fitzgerald, was nobler than the royalty that first ennobled it, flourished in Tuscany in the palmy days of the old Roman Empire. Compared with these the proudest lineage in England pales into insignificance."

The O'Briens of Thomand had their proportion of rascals, like the rest of mankind. A greater ruffian than the Earl of Inchiquin's namesake and ancestor, Murrough the Burner, never existed in any country. He was an able traitor, very much of the calibre of Niall Garbh O'Donnell, and was a most efficient agent of the English enemy in destroying his own country. This unholy wretch burned down the abbey of Cashel, founded by his gallant and pious ancestor, King Donald the Red. Inchiquin is an accursed name in the history of Ireland. The younger branch of this race—the O'Briens of Drumoland—furnished three patriots—Sir Lucius O'Brien, of 1782 fame, who wished to make war on Portugal in the name of an independent Ireland for outrages committed on Irish commerce at the instigation of England; Sir Edward O'Brien, who voted against the Union, and his noble son, William Smith O'Brien, who headed the abortive Irish revolution of 1848. Miss Charlotte G. O'Brien, his daughter, inherited her father's patriotism, but the sons form a portion of the British garrison in Ireland. In the short, sharp and decisive American vernacular, "they are no good," so far as Irish nationality is concerned—another proof that degeneracy in families disappears and reappears almost in alternate waves.

The O'Donoghues of the Glens were, at one time, good representatives of their people, and the late Daniel O'Donoghue, commonly called "The O'Donoghue," was the leader of the patriot section of the Irish parliamentarians five and thirty years ago. Unfortunately for his fame, he married into a Whig family, became inoculated with Whig principles, or, rather, want of principles, and died, to all intents and purposes, a renegade from his earlier political faith. His son, who is also called The O'Donoghue, lives very quietly and, so far, has given no indication of his state of feeling.

The Macgillycuddy of the Reeks has a big name—a regular mouthful in fact—but he is practically a nonentity. The Macgillycuddys are a branch of the O'Sullivans, and have certainly not improved on their gallant ancestry.

The O'Conors Don are the undoubted heirs at law of King Roderick O'Conor and "Cathal More of the Wine Red Hand," but they hadn't done a thing since Phelim and his 10,000 clansmen laid down their lives for Ireland on the slopes of Templetogher, close beside Athenry, in 1316, until the present O'Conor Don confronted England with her robbery of Ireland in his Financial Relations report last year. We hope the O'Conors Don may continue to improve. They need it.

As for the Geraldines, since Lord Edward fell, they have become milksops. The Irish has been industriously bred out of them. For four generations, at least, the Dukes of Leinster have married English wives—reversing the practise of their brave forefathers, who loved the black-haired, blue-eyed daughters of the Gael, while—

"Still they clung to fosterage, to Brehon, cloak and bard—
No king dare say to Geraldine, 'Your Irish wife discard!'"

What good is lineage unless manly characteristics accompany it? Adam is a good enough ancestor for us, although he was by no means without faults, and got us into a peck of trouble to start with. All of us Milesian Irish are of royal descent, of course, but some of us act as if we doubted it. The blood of some improves with age, while in others it turns to vinegar, or, worse still, to water. We fear the latter is the case with the O'Briens of Inchiquin, the O'Donoghues of the Glens, the O'Conors Don, the Macgillycuddys of the Reeks, and the Geraldines. They are no longer worthy of their fathers. They are degenerates.

WE have received from Mr. Luke O'Brien, secretary of the '98 Centenary and Memorial Committee, of Kilrush, County Clare, Ireland, a letter and circular which set forth the object of that body. It proposes to erect, in celebration of the glorious Irish Rebellion of 1798, a fine monument to the memory of the Manchester Martyrs, Allen, Larkin and O'Brien, in Kilrush. The memorial

will cost $5,000 at least, and the committee appeals to all national Irishmen to aid in the project. The appeal is signed by fifty-five leading citizens of Kilrush, and subscriptions should be made payable to either Luke O'Brien, Market square; William Moody, Henry street; John S. Carroll, Frances street or Thomas Roughan, Jr., Cappa, Kilrush County Clare.

NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

Owing to the necessity of going to press on Thursday nights, no report of the Emmet celebration at Central Music hall appears in this number. Neither is there a report of that in New York city, where Mr. John T. Keating, of Chicago, will preside and Mr. O'Neill Ryan, of St. Louis, deliver the oration. We will endeavor to make room for both reports in next week's issue.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF POLITICS.

[*Preceptor*—Prof. Tobias Slingmud, P. D. Q. *Pupils*—Ald. Setemup, Commissioner Calumny, Representative Slander, Ald. Knockemout, Clerk Inkspill, Col. Mactelstory, Ald. Weissbier, Maj. Shrug "and others."]

(By Underground Wire.)

Prof. Slingmud—The class will be in order. Ald. Setemup, how would you proceed to deal with a rival candidate of good habits, but with a rosy complexion?

Ald. Setemup—I'd whisper it around that he kept a private bottle, but was too mean to treat.

Prof. Slingmud—How would you deal with him if he were liberal with his money?

Ald. Setemup—I'd give it around that he was a spendthrift who didn't take care of what he had, and wasn't fit to manage the affairs of the people.

Prof. Slingmud—Very good, indeed, Setemup. Now, Commissioner Calumny, how would you deal with a rival of liberal religious opinions?

Commissioner Calumny—I'd represent him as an infidel of the worst kind to all good church people.

Prof. Slingmud—But if he were a man of strong religious convictions, how would you deal with him then?

Com. Calumny—If a Catholic, I'd represent him as being "a tool of the Jesuits." If a Protestant, I would get it out on him that he is a member of the A. P. A.

Prof. Slingmud—Capital, by Jove! Why, Commissioner, Machiavelli was a dwarf in intellect compared with you. Now, Representative Slander, how would you deal with a rival if he happened to be rich or poor, as the case might be?

Representative Slander—If rich, I'd tell "the boys" he was a bloated bondholder, a capitalistic tyrant and an upholder of trusts—the enemy of the workingman. If poor, I would get it around on him that he was in politics "for what there was in it," and that, no matter how fair his words, his hand was always behind his back for lucre.

Prof. Slingmud—Not bad at all. You are really improving, Slander, and I think you will amount to something yet.

Slander—I thank you, Professor. Many thanks to you.

Prof. Slingmud—Now, Ald. Knockemout, how would you deal with a formidable candidate against you?

Knockemout—Oh, I'd run him up against a bar and "do him up" to the Queen's taste. *Them* sneaking methods of yourn don't wash with me.

Prof. Slingmud—Go to the foot of the class, sir. Your ideas are barbaric and you are really unfit to associate with gentlemen who observe the amenities of civilized society.

Knockemout—Civilized h—! The devil himself aint meaner than you are, you lantern-jawed sneak. I'm a man, even if I ain't book larned! D—n your dirty connivin! I rely upon my muscle, and when that fails me, I'll quit politics.

Commissioner Calumny—I move his expulsion from the class.

Representative Slander—I second the motion.

The motion was carried and Ald. Knockemout retired, muttering threats of vengeance.

Prof. Slingmud—Now, Clerk Inkspill, how would you treat an antagonist of note?

Clerk Inkspill—If careful in business, I'd suggest that he was a miser and a crank, with whom nobody could work in comfort. If easy in his methods, I'd whisper that he was a dangerous man to trust with public documents or the public funds. There are more ways of killing a dog than choking him with butter.

Prof. Slingmud—Right you are, Inkspill, and you are one of my most promising pupils. That smile of yours would mislead Mephistopheles himself. With a little more of my training you will be among the first of experts. Now, Col. Mactelstory, candidate for city treasurer, how would you deal with a rival if he happened to be an Irishman?

Col. Mactelstory—Well, I'd rather not have to employ underhand means, but, if I had to, I'd give it out "on the quiet" that he beat a priest in Ireland; that he was a malignant enemy of the church, and that I heard him curse the mass on a St. Patrick's Day. If this didn't do its work effectually, I'd hint to some that he was a dynamiter, and to others that he has an understanding with Scotland Yard.

Prof. Slingmud—Very good, indeed. You progress very fast. What is the motto of this School of Politics?

Col. Mactelstory—"Throw plenty of mud—some of it is sure to stick."

Prof. Slingmud—Very good again. You are, indeed, an apt scholar, and always remember that, in politics, particularly American politics, there is no story, no matter how absurd or farfetched, that ignorance and malice will fail to swallow. They are our chief supporters, and, without ignorance and malice, politics, as we teach and understand it, would soon vanish from the earth. Therefore, it is our duty to carefully cultivate both, so that our days may be long in the land. Now, Ald. Weissbier, how would you proceed to extinguish a rival German candidate for your distinguished office?

Ald. Weissbier—Well, if he came into my place and drank only seltzer water, I'd whisper it around the ward that he was a Puritan and an enemy of personal liberty; that he believed in closing all the saloons on week days at 8 o'clock and all day on Sundays. If he drank wein or bier, I'd say to my constituents, "Look at the hog he is making of himself. Is that the kind of a man to send to do business for a business community?"

Prof. Slingmud—And if that did not suffice?

Ald. Weissbier—Then I'd tell 'em, confidentially, that he was a Dane or a Luxembourger, and, if that did't do, I'd say he was an Alsace-Lorrainer, who sympathized with the French, like the late "Fish" Miller. If that wasn't enough, I'd say he was an Anarchist?

Prof. Slingmud—You are about as smart as any of them, Weissbier, and who knows but, some day, you may become city treasurer. Then you won't forget your good, old instructor?

Ald. Weissbier—We'll see about that later on, Professor.

Prof. Slingmud—We have not yet heard from our newly-joined pupil, Maj. Shrug.

Maj. Shrug—Pardon me, Professor, but my part is chiefly pantomime. I never say nothin' against no man, great or small, but when his name is mentioned for office, if he fails to make me a small loan, I simply lift my eyebrows and shrug my shoulders so (does it like a Frenchman).

Prof. Slingmud—Very well done, indeed. You must have learned that shrug in Paree. It means anything you may please to think bad about the person shrugged at, and nothing that's good. I once knew a Frenchman who extinguished a man's character by doing just as you did, looking at him askance before company and referring to him, with significant pause and emphasis, most uncomplimentary in their effect, as "*ze zhentleman!*" Oh, the French are a great people, and, in political procedure, their rule is "multum in parvo," which translated means——

All the class interrupting—Oh, we are all Latin scholars!

Prof. Slingmud—The d—l you are. Then the old saying comes true—a man is never thoroughly a damphool until he has mastered Latin!

[Exeunt omnes in confusion.]

WILLIAM MCKINLEY is now President of the United States. Well, if William is the same man we knew in Congress, he will defend the honor of his country abroad, as well as at home; and will make the American flag an object of respect and wholesome terror, instead of a thing to be mocked and jeered at in foreign lands. Even if some blood has to be shed, William, do your duty. Remember the wise adage that you can't have omelettes without the breaking of eggs.

MR. P. M. CORDON, representing the views of the Irish-Americans of Ottawa, Ill., has written the Fairdealer of that city denouncing the desecration of St. Patrick's Day by another nationality, which has organized a bal masque—something entirely out of place—for the occasion. Mr. Cordon is right, but he should include Bruisers Corbett and Fitzsimmons, who, unfortunately, have Irish blood in their veins, in his denunciation. Truly Irish sentiment in America must be at a low ebb when such outrages can be perpetrated with impunity.

GROSVENTRE CLEVELAND has emigrated to New Jersey.

BAYARD "justified" England in backing up "the unspeakable Turk" at a banquet given in his honor (?) by "distinguished Englishman" in London, Tuesday night. What a spectacle! But, after all, he is only just a little bit worse than most of his predecessors at "the Court of St. James." The average Anglo-Yankee can't dine with a "lord" without surrendering his nationality and his manhood.

A PUBLIC duty compels us, most reluctantly, to indorse one act of the closing days of Grover Cleveland's administration—his veto of the Knownothing Immigration bill. It was, excepting for his brief stand against England in the Venezuelan question, the noblest act of his sluggish political career. Nothing in Cleveland's public life so well became him as the leaving it.

THE dirty "Christian" powers of Europe are meaner than the savage Turk. He cannot be blamed for using them to save himself. England is, as usual, the heavy villain in the despicable tragedy now being enacted in Cretan waters. Hereafter, let the peace-at-any-price knaves, fools and hypocrites in this country, who have been praising England's "enlightenment" and "civilization," shut their babbling mouths and hunt their holes. "Christian England" has again shown herself to be the accomplished Mother of Cant and alder of assassins. She is the whited sepulchre of the nations.

Now, President McKinley, you have a fair field. Hurry up and bring us that millenium.

MRS. HENRY F. DONOVAN, No. 802 Webster avenue, gave a progressive cinch party on Washington's birthday for her daughter, Miss Frances Donovan. Those present were: Misses Harriet Johnson, Maud Johnson, Hester Spaulding, Gretchen Boldt, Ethel Shirlock, Messrs P. W. Schlorf, W. H. Parkhill, V. E. Brown, G. E. Smith, R. Casseleman, H. Kern, Ernest Hudson, Edward Bassette.

SENATOR P. V. FITZPATRICK announces a meeting of citizens of the First Senatorial District on Saturday evening, March 6, at 8 o'clock, in the club room of Central hall, corner Wabash avenue and Twenty-second street, to consider and advise on the following two important subjects now before the legislature for action: Sanitary District of Chicago new tax for 1898-9, and Department Stores. Persons interested, either for or against, are invited to be present to discuss the subjects. All citizens of the district are invited to be present.

REGULATIONS FOR LENT.

The following are the Lenten regulations for this Archdiocese: Flesh meat may be used at all the meals on Sunday, and once each day at the principal meal on the following days: On all Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays. On all Saturdays except Saturday of Ember week and Holy Saturday. Flesh and fish are not allowed at the same meal. Custom, tolerated by the church, permits coffee, tea or chocolate, with a small piece of bread, to be taken in the morning. Custom allows the use of eggs, butter, milk, etc., at the evening collation. The following persons are not obliged to feast, viz., the sick and those in feeble health; women nursing children; all who are engaged in laborious and exhaustive occupations; the young who have not completed their 21st year; and those who have reached the 60th year of their age. By an indult of the 15th of March, 1895, the Holy See has given for ten years, to the Bishops of the United States, the faculty of dispensing, in favor of working people, with the law of abstinence on certain days. By virtue of this indult and dispensation of Lent, working people are permitted to to use flesh meat once a day on all fast and abstinence days of the year except Fridays, Ash Wednesday, Wednesday and Saturday in Holy Week, and the Vigil of Christmas. The above dispensation is granted not only to working men and women, but also to their entire families.

HAHNEMANN HOSPITAL CONCERT.

A Most Successful and Enjoyable Musical and Social Event.

A highly successful concert for the benefit of Hahnemann hospital was held at Steinway Hall on Thursday evening, Feb. 25. The classic and beautiful hall was filled to its capacity by an interested and appreciative audience. Among those in the auditorium or the boxes were noticed Dr. R. and Mrs. Ludlam, Dr. and Mrs. George F. Shears, Mrs. Prof. Hale, Dr. and Mrs. Crawford, Dr. Vilas and family, John B. Jeffrey and family, Dr. Arnulphy and family, Mr. Philip Maher and daughters, Messrs. and Mmes. H. N. Higinbotham, J. J. West, W. S. Harvey, J. J. Mitchell, H. V. Halbert, R. W. Buell, John F. Finerty, Mesdames Lyman Blair, J. G. McBean, M. T. Green, O. B. Phelps, C. H. Bogue, S. D. Kimbark, Misses Robinson, Higinbotham, Mitchell, Page, Messrs. F. Wheeler, J. McEwen, Roy McBean, E. H. Pratt and many others. The programme was phenomenally successful from first to last, and was rendered as follows:

PART I.

Organ—Overture "Princess Josephine" (By Request).....DeCoster
P. Darlington DeCoster.
Quartette—"The Night is Still."
.....Willis Clark
Hahnemann Quartette.
Pianoforte—"Polonaise".....Chopin
Miss Regina Zeisler.
Violin—"Carmen Fantasie" ....Hubay
Max Bendix.
Song—"Spring".....Henschel
Mrs. Genevieve Clark Wilson.
Pianoforte—"Hungarian Fantasie".....Liszt
Otto Pfefferkorn.

PART II.

Orchestra—"Quartetto Rigoletto"
..... Arr. by Libonati
The Chicago Mandolin Orchestra.
Song—"The Two Grenadiers"
..... Schumann
Karleton Hackett.
Violin—(a) "Adagio Religioso"
..... Vieux-temps
(b) "La Farfella".....Sauret
Max Bendix.
Songs—(a) "Liebeslieder" .....Dvorak
(b) "He Loves Me"..Chadwick
(c) "Why so Pale are the Roses".....Tschaikowsky
George Hamlin.
Quartette—"The Long Day Closes"
.....Sullivan
The Hahnemann Quartette.
Orchestra—"Intermezzo"—"Cavalaria Rusticana".....Mascagni
The Chicago Mandolin Orchestra.

New Catholic Church.

The Church of St. Charles Borromeo, erected during the last year at a cost of $100,000, was dedicated at 11 o'clock last Sunday morning with appropriate exercises. The Chancellor of the Archdiocese of Chicago, the Rev. N. J. Mooney, in the absence of Archbishop Feehan, officiated. Assisting the chancellor were the Rev. Father P. J. Muldoon, pastor of the new church, and his assistants, the Rev. Fathers J. J. Coughlin, J. J. Jennings and William Kearney. The newly-built house of worship is situated at the northwest corner of Twelfth and Cypress streets.

Promptly at 11 o'clock Chancellor Mooney, followed by the pastor of the church and a retinue of altar boys and a choir of thirty boys dressed in white, entered the church. All the pews were occupied when the ceremonies commenced. Solemn requiem high mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Mooney.

The church is not as yet completed. The tower, which will be 206 feet high, has not yet been commenced and considerable interior work still remains unfinished. All the work, however, will be in good order in a few months.

The new edifice is built of brown stone. On the Twelfth street side 150 feet is taken up by the building and 126 feet on Cypress street. The Rev. Father Muldoon, who has charge of St. Charles' church, is only 33 years old. Before taking charge of the parish he was secretary to the Archbishop. He received his appointment to the pastorate of the church in 1895. Nearly 1,000 families belong to St. Charles' parish.

OBITUARY.

MR. JOHN GERALD GRIFFIN.

We regret very deeply to have to announce the death of Mr. John Gerald Griffin, which occurred at the residence of his brother in Wheaton, Ill., on Monday, in the 40th year of his age. He had been suffering from pulmonary trouble for some time, and had traveled extensively in the South and West in the hope of benefitting his health. Mr. Griffin was, for many years, connected with the St. Louis daily press and also did good work, as a correspondent, for papers published in this city and elsewhere. He was intensely patriotic in the American as well as the Irish sense, and was possessed of more than ordinary gifts of mind. His premature death will cast a gloom over the family circle, of which he was an idol, and thousands of friends and acquaintances will sincerely mourn for the early passing away of one endowed with so many sterling and winning qualities. He leaves besides his brother, Mr. W. T. Griffin, of Wheaton, Ill., a sister, Miss Mary Griffin, to mourn his loss. THE CITIZEN extends to the family of Mr. Griffin its respectful sympathy. In addition to his connection with journalism Mr. Griffin was, for many years, solicitor of the Western Union Telegraph Company, and was a particular favorite of Mr. F. W. Brainerd, the Superintendent of the Time Service Department.

The funeral services were held on Wednesday morning at St. Michael's church, Wheaton, and were attended by relatives, friends and prominent citizens of Chicago and St. Louis. Solemn requiem mass for the dead was celebrated by the Rev. Father DeLaporte, who delivered an eloquent funeral oration, in which he feelingly referred to the many virtues that had distinguished the deceased. The remains were interred in St. Michael's cemetery, Wheaton, amid every manifestation of respect and sympathy. Among the prominent people present at the funeral were Miss Cecelia Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. John Gorman, and Mr. John Moran, of St. Louis; Judge M. W. Hogan, J. J. Lane, Thos. S. Hogan, John Carmody, F. W. Brainerd, Henry Grote, Mrs. Charles G. McNeil, Mrs. Ezrath Booth, Misses Minnie and Nellie Lynch, James Armstrong, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Garrity, Daniel Sheehan, Wheaton; Mr. and Mrs. James P. McGarry, Lombard, Ill.

MISS NELLIE L. O'BEIRNE.

Our good friend Mr. Patrick O'Beirne and his wife have been severely afflicted in the death of their daughter, Miss Nellie L. O'Beirne, who died on Monday, aged 21 years. She was an amiable and promising young lady, a devout communicant of her church, and her death is an irreparable loss to her sadly stricken parents, who have the profound sympathy of the community in their affliction. The funeral occurred on Wednesday from the family residence, No. 340 West Harrison street, to St. Patrick's church, where requiem mass was celebrated by the Rev. T. F. Galligan, assisted by other clergyman. An immense cortege accompanied the remains to Calvary cemetery, where they were laid to rest in the family burial place.

MR. JOHN CORBETT.

Mr. John Corbett, a resident of Chicago for forty-five years, died at his residence, No. 5 Johnson street, after a few week's illness, the result of catarrh of the stomach, aged 65 years. The deceased worked for the Pittsburgh and Fort Wayne railroad for thirty-one years as construction and section superintendent. No man in his capacity was more popular with his fellow employes, or held in higher esteem by his employers. He leaves a widow, five sons and two daughters, all grown, to mourn his loss. The funeral took place from the Holy Family church on Wednesday of last week. A requiem high mass was celebrated. After the services the large funeral cortege proceeded to the Union depot by carriages, and from thence to Calvary cemetery by the Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad. Requiescat in pace.

THE APES OF ANPEAN,

A Poetical Portrayal of A. P. Aism, by E. F. O'RIORDAN, 1216 Unity Building, Chicago. Sample Copies 10 cents.

Agents wanted.

The Century.

A first prize of $500 and a number of smaller prizes have been offered by the Century Co., publishers of the Century dictionary and cylopedia, for the best answers to a hundred and fifty questions covering a broad range of information. A sample question, which is easier than some of them, is as follows: "What is the approximate difference in altitude between the loftiest Alpine summit and the bed of the greatest depression in the Mediterranean basin?"

An additional prize of $500 is offered to any one who can answer 90 per cent. of the questions from any ten published works of reference other than the Century dictionary and cyclopedia.

The March Century is to be an "inauguration number," devoted especially to articles on life in the White House and at the Capital, illustrated with a great number of interesting pictures, including two new portraits of Major McKinley and one of President Cleveat his desk—all from photographs taken especially for the Century. A large edition will be printed. The interest in the Century's serials, "Campaigning with Grant" and Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker," is so great that both the January and February numbers went out of print almost immediately upon issue.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

A Full List of the City and Town Candidates Nominated by the Convention Held at Battery D Friday Week.

At the city convention of the Republican party, held at Battery D on Friday of last week, the following ticket was placed in nomination:

For Mayor, Nathaniel C. Sears, Twenty-fifth ward.

For City Treasurer, Charles E. Gross, Thirty-second ward, Hyde Park.

For City Attorney, Roy O. West, Thirtieth ward, Lake.

For City Clerk, F. A. Lundin, Twenty-eighth ward, Cicero.

The following Republican town tickets were also nominated:

South Town—Assessor, John W. Hepburn, Fourth ward.

Supervisor, Samuel H. Trude, Third ward.

Collector, James A. Hogan, Sixth ward.

Clerk, A. H. Roberts, Second ward.

West Town—Assessor, James Reddick.

Supervisor, Ernest Wiedel.

Collector, James F. Stepina.

Clerk, James Abern.

North Town—Assessor, Charles W. Anderson.

Collector, Frank M. Blair.

Supervisor, A. H. Halgren.

Clerk, Matthias Hibbler.

Hyde Park—Assessor, Charles E. Randall.

Collector, John J. Hanberg.

Supervisor, E. H. Olson.

Clerk, H. C. Robinson.

John M. Smyth presided at the city convention and called on each ward to send in members of the City Central Republican committee, which was done as follows:

First ward, E. R. Brainerd; Second, Daniel J. May; Third, Robert J. McDonald; Fourth, Martin B. Madden; Fifth, Charles Schmidt; Sixth, Joseph J. Murphy; Seventh, J. P. Cavanaugh; Eighth, J. J. Banks; Ninth, J. E. Bidwell; Tenth, J. L. Monaghan; Eleventh, T. W. Sennott; Twelfth, James L. Morris; Thirteenth, Geo. Grunnett; Fourteenth, William C. Eggert; Fifteenth, J. A. Devine; Sixteenth, Jacob M. Horn; Seventeenth, J. H. Burke; Eighteenth, Albert Glade; Nineteenth, William C. Hermann; Twentieth, Peter Hauprich; Twenty-first, H. C Farwell; Twenty-second, F. A. Busse; Twenty-third, R. F. Clettenberg; Twenty-fourth, Henry L. Williams; Twenty-fifth, Arthur W. Pulver; Twenty-sixth, Scott McVeagh; Twenty-seventh, Hubert Butler; Twenty-eighth, William Barclay; Twenty-ninth, Bernard Duffy; Thirtieth, (Not appointed); Thirty-first, (In dispute); Thirty-second, Herman Phillips; Thirty-third, John Hamburg; Thirty-fourth, Kitt Gould.

Samuel B. Raymond, who is supposed to have no personal or political foes, and who is, therefore, acceptable to all sections of his party, has been chosen chairman of the Executive Republican Campaign committee. Samuel is not thin, but he has a pile of energy bottled up in his well filled out form, so that our Democratic fellow-citizens will have to be on their mettle when they get down to work.

HYMENEAL.

FEENEY—SHEEHAN.

The marriage of Miss Mollie Sheehan, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Sheehan, to Joseph Feeney was celebrated at Holy Angels' church, Wednesday evening at 6 o'clock, Rev. Father Tighe officiating. The bride wore ivory satin with pearl trimmings, a veil and diamond ornaments. She entered the church leaning on her father's arm. Preceding her were Miss Kathryn Feeney, maid of honor, and John Sheehan, the best man, and John Cullam and William Sheehan, ushers. The maid of honor wore cream white satin en train with garniture of point duchesse. A reception followed the ceremony, and was held at the residence of the bride's parents, 3600 Vernon avenue. The mother of the bride received in myrtle green silk with lace and jeweled passementerie trimmings. Among those present were: Messrs. and Mesdames W. O'Brien, C. Corcoran, Walter Byrne, John O'Malley, A. B. Perrigo, R. Collins, M. Collins, McGraw, Donovan, McMahon, O'Connell, Goodman, Callaghan, Doyle, Maxwell, Inglis, Powers, Hayes.

"After the Grip I had a terrible cough, and was a total wreck. I took four bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and it relieved the cough, and I am now in perfect health. I always keep Hood's Sarsaparilla on hand."—Mrs. Paul Bresh, 2941 Fifth avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills.

IRISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

How to Form Councils.

First let a meeting be held of those desirous of affiliating with the Irish National Alliance. If not already an organized body, let them proceed to organize themselves under any name that may be desired, and elect a President, Treasurer and Secretary. The initiation fee of $1.00 per member must be paid in advance, and 50 cents per head at the end of each three months thereafter. Of the moneys so received hall rent and stationery shall be deducted, and of the balance 25 per cent shall be retained by the Council and 75 per cent shall be remitted to the National Treasurer, P. V. Fitzpatrick, No. 154 Twenty-second street, Chicago. Having complied with these conditions, application for a charter should be made to the National Secretary, C. O'Connor McLoughlin, No. 51 East One Hundred and Twenty-second street, New York, who, on information that the Treasurer has received the required remittance, will forward charter in due course. The name and full address of the Presidents of Councils at least should be forwarded to the National Secretary. Constitutions are now ready for distribution.

The Irish Language

The Irish classes conducted by the Gaelic League of Chicago, meet for study every Sunday at 2:30 p. m., at room 119, city hall. All Gaels who wish to acquire a knowledge of the ancient language of their race, are invited to join the Gaelic League. Competent teachers are provided. There is no fee or expense, whatever, to be met except for the purchase of books, which are supplied at cost, by Mr. William Raliegh, and which may be obtained from him at the class rooms or at his residence, 735 South Canal street, Chicago.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester N. Y.*

An Old Nurse for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

DR. A. F. CONROY,

DENTIST,

McVicker's Theatre Building,

ROOM 20.

Set of Teeth	$4.00
Best Set	8.00
22k. Gold Crowns	4.75
Silver Filling	.30
Gold Filling	1.00
Bridge Work, per tooth	5.00
Gold Plates	30.00

Harelip or Cleft, Palate Cancers, Tumors and all diseases of the mouth a Specialty. Consultation Free. Children's teeth examined free on Saturday from 2 to 4 p. m.

Geo. E. Gorman,

Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,

79 DEARBORN ST. SUITE 541-3.

Telephone Main 860.

WALTER J. GIBBONS,

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,

27 North Clark Street, Room 14.

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JAMES MAHER,

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ROOM 16. CHICAGO.

TELEPHONE MAIN 2681.

C. L. MAHONY. JOS. M'CALLUM. P. B. FLANAGAN.

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Attorneys and Counselors at Law,

SUITE 611, ASHLAND BLOCK.

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WILLIAM A. CUNNEA,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR,

59 DEARBORN-ST., SUITE 311,

(Real Estate Board Building).

CHICAGO.

JOHN P. McGOORTY

Counselor-at-Law,

616, 618 and 620 REAPER BLOCK,

N E. Cor. Washington and Clark sts.

Telephone Main 4224. CHICAGO.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Probate Court of Cook County. In the matter of the estate of Richard Pigott, deceased.

Notice is hereby given to Eliza Burke, of Hildsvold in the Colony of Queensland, Australia, one of the heirs at law of said deceased, that the undersigned administrator of said estate will present his final account as such administrator to said Court on Monday the tenth (10) day of May A. D. 1897, at 2 o'clock p. m. of that day, at the Court House in the City of Chicago, in the County and State aforesaid, and ask that the same be approved, and he discharged from further duty.

WILLIAM FIGOTT,

Administrator of the estate of Richard Pigott, deceased.

Matthew P. Brady, Solicitor.

1202 Ashland Block, Chicago.

P. B. FLANAGAN, ATTORNEY, 611 ASHLAND BLOCK.

ESTATE OF CATHERINE McCORMICK, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Catherine McCormick, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April, A. D. 1897, being the 19th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, February 17, 1897.

DANIEL McCORMICK, Administrator.

P. B. Flanagan, Attorney.

ESTATE OF EMMA MARSHALL, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Emma Marshall, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of April, A. D. 1897, being the 19th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, February 17, 1897.

FREDERICK MELCHIOR,

Administrator, with the will annexed.

P. B. Flanagan, Attorney.

THE FARMER AND HIS SON.

"The land seems almost barren now,"
The weary farmer said.
The lines of care were on his brow,
The silver on his head.
"There was a time when golden grain
Waved over all the soil,
But now the scanty crops I gain
Can scarce repay my toil.

"A younger man might still work on
And fairer harvests see.
I had a son, but he is gone
And left the toil on me.
Was it his fault? Ah, who shall say?
It sometimes seems my own
That drove my restless boy to stray
And leave me here alone."

Not quite alone. When, in despair,
He sought his home once more,
His faithful, loving wife was there,
To meet him at the door.
"Dear John," she said in trembling tones,
"A letter's come at last
From one who now in sorrow owns
His errors in the past.

"A bitter task he had to learn,
A bitter cup to take.
Forgive him, John. Let him return.
Forgive him—for my sake!"
The farmer sat with bowed head—
An altered man was he.
"I can forgive my boy," he said,
"But will he pardon me?"

"Father!" The stalwart son was there.
"Forgive the words I spoke!
Fruits of a boyish heart they were—
From boyish lips they broke."
"We both were wrong," the farmer said.
"We both were proud." And then
The traitor doubt was stricken dead
And hope was born again.
—New York Ledger.

THE CZAR'S PEONIES.

"You had better get out here," said the countess as the britzska came out on the edge of the Crimean plateau, above the broad belt of undercliff which sloped away below us, a confusion of gray rock and green forest, to the distant blue rim of the Black sea.

"You English like walking; besides, I want some wild peonies, which you can bring to the Villa W——. We lunch at 2. Then this view has always the same effect on strangers. You will be silent or sentimental the rest of the way, and it is an hour's drive down."

I thought marooning in a Crimean forest a severe penalty even for such offenses against the social code, but I know the countess too well to object, though our acquaintance only dated from that morning, when the countess had rescued me from the posting master at Simpherpool. He asked me for a drink out of my railway reading lamp, under the impression it was a flask. Being a nervous Englishman, I had not the courage to refuse or the Russian to explain. Besides, I thought it could not be nastier than vodka, but it was, and he gave me in charge for an attempt to drug him, though the paraffin had certainly not acted as a sedative. If the countess had not appeared and settled everything out of hand by offering me a lift over the mountains to Yalta I might have become an international incident.

"That path will take you straight down to the coast," continued the countess. "You had better not leave it because of the Jewish vineyards. The elders sit on stages in the middle and shoot. Oh, no, they don't ask you to go, because, of course, no one would do anything a Jew asked him. The count—he is procurer of the district—was so puzzled last week because an elder's gun burst when firing at a trespasser and he was killed. The widow and six children— Sad? Oh, you don't understand it! It was the Jew that was killed. Well, they all came and accused the trespasser of murder, but the count let him off from Siberia because he agreed to marry the widow. Yes, I think the poor fellow was wrong to do so. But, then, if the worst came to the worst, it would only be Siberia again, and it's only ten years for a Jewess.

"You will keep on the path unless you meet people with packs, especially if they look like Greeks. They are always dangerous when smuggling. And if you come to a house keep away if it looks like a Tartar farm, for the men are abroad all day and the women are shut up and the dogs go about in packs. Once they ate a Turk, all but his boots, and when the relatives claimed them the Tartar said they were his because he owned the dogs, and the Turk belonged to them and the boots to the Turk. So the count had them given to the pack and restored them to the original owner. Then, when you come to the coast, follow the track along the cliffs, and it will bring you to the Villa W——. Don't go the other way or you will come to Livadia, the emperor's villa. There are three cordons of soldiers around it, and the neighborhood is very unhealthy, especially for strangers. It is really very dangerous the way you Englishmen will walk about in strange countries. Be sure and remember about the Jew watchmen, and the Greek smugglers, and the Tartar dogs, and the peonies, and Livadia and luncheon at 2. I hope you will enjoy your walk. Au revoir! Poskoryei, Ivan!"

I hoped so, too, but not confidently, having suffered much abroad from the national reputation for love of adventure. In appearance I knew the nationalities of the Crimea to be equally disreputable, and I should have liked a clearer indication of viciousness in watchmen, smugglers and watchdogs than their religion.

After an hour's walk through the woods I came out on the sea at the mouth of a wooded glen between two low scarped headlands. Wherever the cliffs were not absolutely sheer undergrowth and rank plants grew down to the shingle beach. The path was unmistakable, a rough track leading up over the bluff on either side, but in one direction it led to luncheon and the countess, in the other to Livadia and the cordons. Scarcely was I securely impaled on the horns of this dilemma when I heard a clattering above and a pony appeared over the eastern bluff. On the pony sat a portly personage in a blue caftan and red fez. In one hand he held a large white umbrella open over his head; in the other he held a closed green one, with which he banged the pony when it made a false step. Behind him a long cavalcade of pack ponies successively topped the sky line. Every third or fourth was led by a picturesque ruffian with an armory of small arms in his sash.

My rapidity of decision often increases with the emergency. In a moment I had decided and had swiftly ascended the western bluff. At the top I turned. The cavalcade had halted, and the men were gathered around the man on the pony, who was gesticulating with the closed umbrella and enforcing important points with the open one.

"Well," thought I, "they are certainly smugglers, and probably Greeks. I shall surely be taken prisoner and probably be held to ransom. I wish I had never left Ennismore garden. Better an August in London, where police are, than a villegiature with smugglers." So I turned to go down the other slope, when below, in the next glen, I saw a flat roofed building in a courtyard. Not a soul was to be seen, but the yard was full of dogs asleep in the sun or prowling.

"Well," I thought, "they are certainly watchdogs and probably Tartar. I shall surely be bitten and possibly devoured. I wish I had walked from Simpheropol. Better have worn out one's boots than have preserved them at the expense of one's person." So I turned again and went into the woods on the right. After pushing some way through the grass I came out on a clearing planted with vines. In the middle was a staging, and on it stood an unkempt elderly individual. The sun glinted on the barrel of a long firelock as he moved from side to side, uttering at intervals a melodious bellow.

"Well," thought I, "he is certainly a watchman, and he looks like a Jew. If he sees me, I shall surely be shot and possibly prosecuted. Better any fate than a Jewish widow with six children." So I returned to the cliffs and made my way up their face, through very thick scrub. When I reached the next headland, I saw growing above, on the top of the cliff, a grand bed of wild peonies. I climbed up a steep rock couloir to the top of the bluff, and, sitting down among the peonies, looked back on the supposed Tartar farm lying below in the full blaze of a Crimean sun. Nothing stirred except some restless or flea bitten dog, but in the strip of shade under the eaves on a bench which ran the length of the house lounged yellow, serge clad soldiers in every attitude of heat and boredom. Along the glen, in the shade of rock and tree, stood sentries, as invisible to me when on the opposite bluffs as I was then to them, but now as painfully apparent to me as I— But I was in the middle of the peonies before this thought had had time to take shape. Unfortunately, in moving I started a stone, which fell over the cliffs on to the rocks below, ringing through the still air like a pistol shot. It was instantly answered by a hoarse challenge from the beach, repeated a few yards farther on, and again farther, until the file fire of Russian gutterals died away round the next headland and far inland up the glen.

"Well," thought I, "they are certainly sentries and evidently a cordon. I wish I had never seen the countess. Better be convicted of poisoning a postmaster than arrested for trespassing on the czar. I shall surely be shot and probably sent to Siberia, for this is the Livadia cordon, and I am inside it."

I carefully parted the peonies which screened me from the beach and looked down. A soldier was standing ankle deep in the ripple in an odd, constrained attitude. I wondered what he was doing until I noticed that a little bright "o" under his cheek was a rifle barrel and that I was looking down the muzzle. I withdrew to the depth of the peony bed. A half hour, I should say, passed. I held my breath all the time. I was roused by a noise of clambering below and slid one eye toward the edge of the peony bed. Close underneath the round, red face of a Russian private rose over the rocks. He clambered steadily up, holding his rifle over his head and stopping occasionally to wipe sweat out of his eyes, for the rocks were steep and held the heat like a furnace, and he was a northerner and a man of the plains. At the foot of the little cliff he stopped; he looked at the peony bed at the top, he looked at the 20 feet of steep rock below it, then picked up a pebble and threw it up as a deputy. "Hoosh!" said he. I scuffled among the peonies to represent a startled animal, and he sat down with his back to the cliffs with the air of a man who has done more than his duty and means to neglect it a little. I picked a bunch of peonies and looked out again. He still, like a good Russian, had his eyes fixed on Constantinople.

I crept into the woods and through them, keeping a line which would take me right out of the angle of the cordon within which I was caught. In the woods I passed the other two cordons without difficulty, for I was on the lookout and they were not. Presently I came against a holly hedge, broke through it and found myself in a labyrinth of gardens, through which I wandered for hours, feeling like a character in the "Arabian Nights." Never again shall I see such a sight as those acres of undercliff.

I frequently passed gardeners, but they disturbed me no further than by their profound bows. Finally, in a Greek temple arranged as an orchid house I came upon two young ladies cutting flowers. My peonies appeared to draw their attention, and after a little whispering one asked in Russian: "Pray, sir, would you tell us where you found those peonies? My sister and I have looked for them in the park, but in vain. Oh, thank you! Indeed, we did not mean to deprive you—but if they were really intended for us—at least you must allow us to compensate you!" and she handed me her basket of orchids.

"The peonies," said I, "grow on the bluff inside the outside cordon, but they are difficult of access, and if I might sometimes bring some"—

"To General V——'s quarters, in the left wing," said she. "We will exchange them for some of these flowers which—are also difficult of access."

A harsh voice called "Sonya, Masha!"

"That is the general. We must not stay. Do svidanya," said they.

I thought I must not, either, and hurried away through the other end of the temple, but I now had a purpose. A bunch of peonies had brought me into Livadia. A basket of orchids should get me out of it.

I walked as quickly as dignity would permit toward a distant stone wall in which was a gate and grille faced outside with sheet iron. Beside it stood a guardhouse, before it two sentries, and the great golden double headed eagle sprawled and gaped above. As I came up the two soldiers crossed bayonets before the gate.

"Why haven't you opened the gate?" said I. "I shall positively have to wait."

"Your well bornship will pardon," said one, "none may pass."

"Absurd!" said I. "You know who I am. Open at once!"

"Your high well bornship will deign to have patience; it is an order. His majesty arrives tomorrow."

"Of course, but I hasten to her supreme excellency, Countess W——, with these flowers from the noble ladies, the daughters of his excellency, the highly honored General V——"

"But I have not the key, your excellency," said the poor man in great distress.

"Disgraceful negligence!" said I. "Go, get it at once!"

"But the sergeant has it, and he is digging potatoes, and I dare not leave my post."

I turned away in despair to try somewhere else, when in the distance, up the vista of gardens, I saw the two young ladies of the temple, standing with a big man in a large white cap and the uniform of a general of the guard. One of them held the fatal peonies in her hand, and the big man appeared to be interested in the conversation. Suddenly he wheeled round and strode swiftly in the direction of the gate.

"There is General V——," said I to the sentries, pointing out the white cap in the distance as it appeared over an intervening cluster rose. "If he comes and finds me waiting here, there will be a terrible row. Now, I do not like getting anybody into trouble, so I will incommode myself so far as to climb over the gate."

"Thank your high well born supreme excellency," said the guards.

I went up that gate like a squirrel, orchids and all, for the general's steps were already crunching the gravel of the path behind. As I bestrode the golden eagle he saw me, picked up his sword and ran, his spurs winking over the grass in the sunlight and the orders twinkling on his tunic. I pride myself on being the first foreigner who ever made a Russian general run.

I cut the descent short, picked myself up and hurried down the avenue, praying that the iron gate might be bullet proof and the potato garden not convenient to the guardhouse. I did not run, but that was on account of the patrols. Some of them barred the way, but I waved them aside with the orchids, and they fell back apologetically and saluted. Presently I met a well appointed brougham, empty. I stopped it, got in and told the coachman to drive quickly to the Villa W——. At sunset I entered the countess' hall.

I was met by the count. "You're safe, then," said he. "That will save trouble, but," he asked anxiously, "have you the wild peonies of the countess?"

"No, but I have the hothouse orchids of the general's daughter," I replied. He shook his head dubiously and went into the drawing room.

"You are late for luncheon," said the countess, "and you have not the peonies. Don't explain. It will bore me—oh, how lovely! You Englishmen are wonderful. At noon I leave you in the forest on foot looking for peonies; at sunset you come out of it in a carriage and pair, with priceless orchids. Pray explain how you came by them. No, it will not bore me. Why, Livadia has not the like! What, you think it has? Very well. Then the count shall take you there tomorrow—you could not get in otherwise — with an introduction to General V——, the groom of the palace, who will show you the gardens. He has very pretty daughters—yes, and you seem delighted over them."

When the morrow came, the promised visit was made, and three fortnights later I had claimed one of the daughters of his excellency as my bride.—Exchange.

Simple Language Puzzles.

A good many people who generally spell correctly get into trouble when they try to write such abbreviations as "would n't," "could n't," "should n't," "won't," "can't," "sha'n't," "have n't," "was n't," "ain't," "did n't," etc. The rule, of course, is that the apostrophe shall be used to indicate elided letters, and there is no sense in writing, for instance, "would'nt," "c'ant" and "shan't," as many people do. There is also a rule that when the abbreviated word makes one syllable, like "won't," "can't," "sha'n't" and "don't," it shall be written as one word, while when it makes two syllables, like "did n't," "could n't," "would n't," etc., it shall be divided.

Many people get into trouble, too, when they have to decide between "its" and "it's." The thing is simple enough, of course. "Its" is a possessive pronoun, like "his," "hers," "theirs," "yours" and "ours," and does not require an apostrophe. "It's" is an abbreviation for "it is," and an apostrophe is required to indicate the elided "i."

It's necessary only to think what its meaning is.—A. B. Jordan in Writer.

Rings to Burn.

Dora—Why, you actually have rings under your eyes. Do you think it pays to be up so late nights?

Cora—Pays! Why, just look at the rings on my fingers!—Detroit Free Press.

A GREAT CONTRALTO.

A LITTLE STORY OF MISS COLBY, JENNY LIND AND MENDELSSOHN.

The Composer, Urged Not to Give the Soprano All the Advantage, Made and Kept a Promise That Music Lovers the World Over Have Applauded.

Miss Dolby, when Jenny Lind came to England in 1847, was a slim waisted, tall, dark girl, well proportioned, quite solid and unethereal, but a most earnest and conscientious student, gifted with a superb deep contralto and a bonhomie and homely grace of her own that won, without exactly fascinating, the public at first. She was equally good at a rousing Scotch song or a fireside domestic ballad (John Hullah wrote the famous "Three Fishers" for her in his later days), but in oratorio, and in her own way, Miss Dolby was supreme—not second even to Jenny. Certainly she never had that extraordinary and weird magnetism which made unmusical people like Stanley, afterward the celebrated dean of Westminster, rave about her great soprano rival, Jenny. But the Dolby was better looking than Jenny, though never downright pretty—very dark and handsome one might call her, with a certain embonpoint after 30 which she bore gracefully, but which did not add to her grace.

Miss Dolby's moment came. When Jenny Lind retired from the stage, the prima at once shone out as an oratorio star of the first magnitude. She thus directly invaded a sphere in which Clara Novello, soprano, and Miss Dolby, contralto, reigned supreme. Jenny Lind did not apparently accept the situation quite as gracefully as she could well have afforded to do. It was to her a necessity to outshine every one. Mendelssohn was doubtless a good deal smitten with the Swedish nightingale. He not unnaturally wrote his great soprano parts with her in his eye—or rather his ear.

Many can remember her entrancing singing of "Jerusalem" in "St. Paul" and the seraphic way in which her divine voice—spirit, I had almost said—would soar above the rest in the great double quartet in "Elijah," "He Shall Give His Angels Charge Over Thee." But Miss Dolby was not happy. She felt quite aggrieved at the music of "St. Paul." That the first contralto singer in England, who had scored even in Germany against Jenny Lind, should have so little to do in "St. Paul" was too bad.

The following episode has, I believe, never been printed. I had it from the lips of Miss Dolby's sister, afterward Mme. Sainton, now in Australia.

"Dr. Mendelssohn," says Miss Dolby, then at the height of her popularity, "I do hope you won't treat the contraltos so badly in your next oratorio."

"Badly?" says Mendelssohn. "My dear Miss Dolby, what do you mean? I always treat every one as fairly as possible."

"Not at all," says Miss Dolby. "We have next to nothing to do in "St. Paul"—nothing to show us off to advantage, I mean." Mendelssohn was then writing his "Elijah."

"Well, Miss Dolby, what do you want?"

"I want two good solos and some nice little bits."

"Stay!" says the amiable composer, taking out his notebook. "'Two good solos and some nice little bits,'" and he wrote it down, with that well known, most fascinating smile which, once seen, could never be forgotten. When "Elijah" came out, in addition to the "nice little bits," Miss Dolby, to her delight, found the two immortal songs which she subsequently made almost her own—"Woe, Woe Unto Them!" and "Oh, Rest In the Lord!"

Dr. Mendelssohn sent for her, and at Exeter hall, in a room down stairs, he tried over the two songs, accompanying them himself.

When she had sung "Woe, Woe!" Mendelssohn turned round and said, "That will be the favorite contralto song."

Miss Dolby replied: "I differ with you, Dr. Mendelssohn. 'Oh, Rest In the Lord!' will be the favorite. It will take the public far more than 'Woe, woe!'"

She then sang it, Mendelssohn accompanying in a sort of listening trance, with his his head on one side, a way he had, and at the end he seemed quite overcome, as tens of millions have been since by her rendering of that inspired melody. "You are right, Miss Dolby. That will be the success." And so it was.—Rev. H. R. Haweis, M. A., in Harper's Magazine.

Wolves In Europe.

When they cry "Wolf!" in the government of Saratoff, Russia, it means something. During the last two years the wolves there have devoured, according to the official returns, 11,000 horses, 10,000 horned cattle, 33,000 sheep, 5,000 swine, 1,000 dogs and 18,000 fowl. They have also during the same period attacked 68 persons, devouring two on the spot and inflicting fatal wounds on 12 others. In France it is estimated that 500,000 of these animals exist, and the damage inflicted by them is set down at about 50,000,000 francs annually. A regular body of men, numbering over 1,000, called the Louveterie, is maintained to keep down wild beasts, and the force has a certain efficiency, but is unequal to keeping the country clear of them. From time to time high bounties for wolf scalps have been paid, as much as 200 francs in the case of a known man eater, dreaded there as the man eating tiger is in the Hindoo villages, but the animal is never extirpated. In some years his ravage is greater and in others less, but he is always in evidence. In this country he has been pretty well put down in the inhabitated parts.

Fitting the Crime.

"There goes an old actor. He's in vaudeville now. He used to be a star."

"And now he's an ex-ray, I suppose."—New York Sun

A BOOT TRADE SECRET.

Why Old Harness Collecting Is Almost as Good as Gold Digging.

"Old harness thrown away? Not likely," said a dealer in old leather. "Every scrap of it is worth money. In fact, I can't get enough of it. Old harness collecting is as good as gold digging if a man can only forage out enough horse owners to keep him well supplied. When you just think how many thousands of horses there are working in harness in London alone, you can imagine how great the supply is.

"Nearly all the cast off harness is consumed in making cheap boots. People will have cheap boots, and the boot manufacturers find that for making a serviceable article at a low figure there's nothing to beat old harness. Then, again, whip thongs and boot laces are also made from old horse trappings.

"In the first place, the greater part of it is bought up by big marine store dealers, who collect it from the harness makers and from army sales of 'condemned' goods, also railway companies' sales, the average buying price being twopence per pound. These dealers have it taken to their warehouses, where it is sorted into different qualities and prices ranging from a penny to sixpence a pound. It is then sold to smaller dealers of the same kind, who distribute it to the boot manufacturers and others.

"Now, if it wasn't for the enormous quantity of old harness used by boot manufacturers a workingman would not be able to purchase a pair of new boots for a few shillings. No bootmaker could afford to sell a pair of men's boots made entirely of new leather for three and sixpence. Yet hundreds of pairs are sold at this price every week in our great towns, and, as long as horses are worked in harness, will continue to be.

"Old saddles are mostly used for making the inner sole of a boot, as they are generally composed of the best leather, and, besides being more durable, will not crack or perish. The most profitable saddle to cut up is a 'riding saddle.' You see, they contain a tremendous quantity of good, sound leather, and then they are frequently thrown aside more because they are dingy than anything else. Undoubtedly a hunting saddle makes the finest boots, but military riding saddles are usually made of the very best leather.

"The 'reins' used for driving a horse form an important item in the construction of cheap boots, being split by machinery and laid under the sole. Then the 'blinkers' and 'traces' are never very much worn, especially when they come from rich people. Some sets of harness, such as is used by omnibus companies, are very often useless when thrown aside, being cracked and perished through hard wear and long exposure to the weather.

"The demand for old sets of military harness is much greater than the supply, as it is very little worn, and, being well cleaned and always kept in good condition, is much more pliable and works up newer. Any goods made from the cast off harness of railway companies are also pretty serviceable, the large size and good quality of the leather making them very useful for working up into other goods. In fact, this leather, when used in bootmaking, looks so well when trimmed and ironed that it is impossible for any one except those in the trade to detect it.

"Small shoemakers use up a great deal of the cheap harness. In the winter time they use most of it for football boots. It is cut into strips and nailed across the sole of the boot to prevent the wearer from slipping. You'd hardly think anybody would have this done, considering that football boots are so cheap, but then some men prefer to wear out their old boots in this way, as they are generally more comfortable than new ones.

"There is really no cast off article where the material is so little wasted as old harness, every particle of it being used in some shape or form. The buckles and ornaments are cut off and sold by secondhand dealers, the collars are cut up and used for repairing leather bags, the hay stuffing being utilized for restuffing old chairs and couches.

"Indeed, if the supply of disused harness were twice as great as it is, it would not fully satisfy the demands of the boot and other trades."—London Answers.

An Artist Without Hands.

In the London Magazine of Art there are some interesting examples of designs for frieze, hammered metal and head and tail pieces drawn by an artist without hands—Mr. Bartram Hiles, a native of Bristol. When Mr. Hiles was 8 years of age, he was deprived of both his arms through a tram car accident. Before this terrible event he had developed a strong passion for drawing, so strong that the loss of his arms in no way diminished his ambition to become an artist. It occurred to him that the main difficulty would be overcome if he could educate his mouth as a holder for his pencil—for brushes were not yet hoped for. He accordingly set to work with courage and enthusiasm, and in a short time, by dint of persistent practice and perseverance, he found that he could write legibly and draw with firmness of line.

Not more than two years after his accident Mr. Hiles obtained a "first class excellent" in the second grade for free-hand (!) drawing at the school he was attending at Bristol. In due time he was sent to attend the art class, then recently formed at the Merchant Venturers' Technical college, Bristol. While there he made rapid progress, successfully passing numerous art examinations, the subjects including modeling. At 16 he exhibited a water color, and eventually he won a national art scholarship at the National Art Training school and settled down to work for his livelihood. Mr. Hiles is an exhibitor at the Royal Society of British Artists and a worker for prominent firms of decorators. The fame of the young artist's heroism has already spread, and the queen and the Princess of Wales have been purchasers of his work.—Westminster Gazette.

His Opportunity.

A story which is not new is well told by George Cary Eggleston.

A large company had been invited to a banquet at the mansion of Signor Faliero, in France, and just before the hour the confectioner, who had been making a large ornament for the table, sent word that he had spoiled the piece.

"If you will let me try, I think I can make something that will do," said a boy who had been employed as a scullion.

"You!" exclaimed the head servant in astonishment. "And who are you?"

"I am Antonio Canova, the grandson of Pisano, the stonecutter," replied the pale faced little fellow.

"And, pray, what can you do?" asked the major domo.

"I can make you something that will do for the middle of the table, if you'll let me try." The servant was at his wits' end, so he told Antonio to go ahead and see what he could do. Calling for some butter, the scullion quickly molded a large, crouching lion.

Dinner was announced, and many of the most noted merchants, princes and noblemen of Venice were ushered into the dining room. Among them were skilled critics of art work. When their eyes fell upon the butter lion, they recognized it as a work of genius. They examined it long and carefully and asked Signor Faliero what great sculptor had been persuaded to waste his skill upon a work in such a temporary material.

When the distinguished guests learned that the lion had been made in a short time by a scullion, the dinner was turned into a feast in his honor. The rich host declared that he would pay the boy's expenses under the best masters, and he kept his word, but Antonio was not spoiled by his good fortune. He remained at heart the same simple, earnest, faithful boy who had tried so hard to become a good stonecutter in the shop of Pisano.

Some may not have heard how the boy Antonio took advantage of this first great opportunity, but all know of Canova, one of the greatest sculptors of all time.

Stalking a Deer on the Ice.

We had gone up in the great bay near the head of the lake, when some boys and dogs, rummaging around in the woods along the shore, started a deer and chased it on to the ice, and we had the most exciting chase immediately after that I ever took part in. We did not harm the animal, and had we wished to do so we couldn't, for there wasn't a gun in the crowd, but we made him "make the effort of his life" before he broke through the trocha we built around him and got away. When we sighted him, he was making straight across the bay, which is five miles wide, and the ice was so slippery that he could not make anything like the usual time of his kind when they throw their souls into their heels and scatter miles behind them with an easy indifference most beautiful to witness.

We played wolf on him. Doc Spalding, who was riding the ice bicycle, shot straight ahead and very soon passed him and forced him to turn, and when he did turn there was a ring of skaters all around him, and for an hour he played with us very much as a four legged seal might.

We got him running in a circle, but we were unable to catch him, for every time any one tried it that venturesome individual either failed to get a hold on him, or, succeeding, was hurled as from a catapult along the ice, to the great delight of all the rest. It was the merriest skating party ever witnessed, although the deer might not have seen much matter for merriment in it.

But he was perfectly safe, unless his wind played out before ours did, of which the event proved there was small danger. One wing of the circular trocha we had formed in the line got out of breath and slowed up, a gap was formed in the line, and the deer went through it like a flash, and the last we saw of him he was "hull down" and going as merrily as if freshly started.—Minneapolis Journal.

A Cock Quail's Devotion.

Mr. J. F. Battaile of Vicksburg, Miss., writes as follows: "Having observed a natural history sketch to the effect that the cock partridge does not assist his mate in incubating the eggs, I wish to offer some evidence to the contrary and to suggest that the case be reopened.

"In the early eighties, while laboring under the hallucination that a fair business man ought to make a good farmer, I was cutting sprouts in a new ground in south Mississippi, where I was farming or imagining that I was farming. It was in the nesting season of the quail, and they were quite plentiful. Having a very sharp ax, I was slashing about me promiscuously and had delivered a blow at a cluster of sprouts when out of the midst fluttered a cock quail with his neck nearly cut in two.

"I picked the bird up and soon saw that my ax had nearly beheaded him. Upon inspecting the bushes I found a nest with a dozen eggs in it. These were still warm, and they were in the exact spot whence the cock had tumbled, bleeding and dying. Moreover, I was in a position to know that no other bird had been in the bush when I approached it.

"In view of the devotion of these birds to their young, I am strongly of the opinion that he deliberately remained on the nest in spite of my proximity, hoping to cover the eggs from observation as well as to escape it himself. Any true sportsman will appreciate the sorrow with which I contemplated the plucky little fellow, who had died to protect his unborn young."—Baltimore Sun.

Joys That Have Flown.

"Miss Corinne, what are the happiest recollections of your girlhood?"

"Those days when I went to school with a big cucumber pickle in my pocket."—Chicago Record.

HARVEST OF HAIR.

HOW THE COUPEURS GATHERED IT FROM THE HEADS OF THE POOR.

Wiles Employed to Get a Woman to Part With Her "Chief Glory"—There Was Always a Sure Market, For False Hair Was Worn by All Fashionable Ladies.

History records the fact that in 1682, in England, long, flaxen hair was purchased from the head at 10 shillings an ounce, while other fine hair fetched from 5 to 7 shillings for the same quantity, and within the present century the heads of whole families in Devonshire were let out by the year at so much per poll, a periwig maker of Exeter going round at certain periods to cut the locks, afterward oiling the skull of each bereft person. That the use of false hair as an aid to feminine beauty was not unknown to the ancients is well proved. The Greeks, Romans and Egyptians, long before the dawn of the Christian era, resorted to the wearing of tresses obtained from other persons' heads. They even went so far as to paint bald heads so as to represent them as covered with short hair, also marble caps so painted were worn. A valuable merchandise in the blond hair of German women is mentioned in ancient Roman history.

A question that has doubtless often presented itself is, Where did all this hair come from? This question I will endeavor to answer. With the coming of spring in the midlands and west of France appeared what may fitly be termed a singular class of nomadic individuals, armed with long, iron tipped staves and bearing heavy packs of merchandise upon their backs. At first glance one would have taken them to be ordinary hawkers, yet merchandise was but an accessory to their strange industry. They were the coupeurs, the reapers of a hirsute harvest.

Armed with long, keen shears, they went their way seeking the tresses of willing victims dwelling in outlying hamlets and villages of peasant France, and a laborious business it was. From "dewy morn" until the shadows of night gathered thickly they did their 10 or 15 miles a day—often fruitlessly and with empty stomachs, their only bed the wayside. In Auvergne these seekers after hair were known as chimneurs. The Bretons called them margoulins. These terms have not fit English parallels.

These curious journeymen exerted every effort to gain their ends—a good head of hair—the former preferring the local fairs as a workroom, the latter choosing to visit the dwellings of their possible clients. In summer the Brittany margoulin was often seen going through the streets, carrying his long staff, from which hung twists of hair, while he cried in doleful tones the well known "Piau, piau!" at the sound of which the cottagers, with an itching desire to possess some of his gewgaws, attracted the wanderer's attention. He was only too pleased to dazzle their eyes with his many colored wares, and the bargaining was not slow to begin. While the women fingered his goods the margoulin weighed her tresses with his hand, a proceeding at which he was adept through long practice. The bargain ended, the woman yielded her abundant locks in return for a few yards of cotton stuff or a gay petticoat, to which, thanks to the progress of civilization, the coupeur had to add a small sum of money. Sometimes the transaction was not completed without much discussion on both sides. Very often the coupeur had to return to the charge owing to female indecision, and he was more than happy when sure that a tardy remorse would not rob him of half his coveted trophy.

Until the authorities intervened, cutting was conducted in public as an amusement for onlookers, it being considered highly entertaining to hear 10 or 12 rival coupeurs eulogizing their wares, each protesting his to be far superior to his fellow's. The prohibition of this custom drove the hair harvesters to erect tents, rent for the day unoccupied shops, cellars, stables or any corner they could find wherein to establish themselves. Sticks were then stuck up, from them being suspended petticoats as a lure, as an indication of what could be had in exchange for tresses; to the petticoats were attached twists of hair as trademarks. The ruse succeeded, peasants halted, casting envious glances at the multicolored garments. They were handled and even tried on, thus affording an opportunity to the coupeurs to flatter their fair customers—who did not long rest—and victory rewarded the cute buyers. In Auvergne—where the coupeurs were most numerous—the greatest harvest was reaped on St. John's day. The ingathering extended from April to September, during which month the butchers, bakers, locksmiths, etc., forsook their ordinary avocations for that of the coupeur, returning to their legitimate trades with the coming of the dead season. The hair of different countries was distinguished by certain qualities. For instance, that of Auvergne was the coarsest; the finest and most flaxen from Belgium; the blackest and longest from Italy, while that procured in Brittany was the most beautiful, though least well cared for.—Hearth and Home.

Classical Boston.

General Horace Porter in the course of a recent speech said, "Boston is not a city; it is a state of mind." This declaration was greeted with laughter by unthinking New Yorkers, who failed to see General Porter's point. He meant that as much mind is found in Boston as in an average state. We thank General Porter.—Boston Transcript.

Palmistry has been practiced in the east from time immemorial. The palmisters claim that several allusions in the book of Job indicate a knowledge of this art.

Some kinds of wasp honey are extremely poisonous, a few grains causing a kind of delirium.

CHURCHGOING IN ICELAND.

Back Country Folk Who Travel Many Miles to Divine Worship.

Jessie Ackerman, in her articles on "Three Women In Iceland," in The Woman's Home Companion, tells how she attended a country church in the northern part of the island.

"The Sabbath day was full of interest, for we had not attended service in the rural districts. In the early morning we betook ourselves to the front of the house to watch the country folk assemble. In the distance we saw them fording the river in a long line, and in another direction men, women and children rode slowly over the mountains down to the farm. What the Sabbath day means to these people few can realize. Some of them never see a face besides those of the members of the family from one church day until the other. What wonder, then, that they began to assemble fully two hours before church time? A peculiar form of salutation prevails outside of the cities. With this we had not yet been made familiar, and our astonishment can well be imagined when we saw the men dismount, embrace and kiss each other. I learned later that this is the usual form of salutation among men in the inland districts.

"The hour of service arrived, and, in company with the preacher, who wore a high silk hat, a loose, flowing gown buttoned from chin to hem and a great white Elizabeth ruff around his neck, we entered the church. From the back seat we had full view of the congregation, and, not being familiar with the language, the time was passed in meditation on the situation.

"In the pulpit the pastor was assisted into a long white robe, which fell over the black one, and down his back hung a large surplice of bright velvet, upon which a golden cross was wrought. On the altar two great candles about a yard long and three inches thick shed a dim light. These were the especial charge of an official who gave out the hymns and between times snuffed the candles with an old time pair of snuffers. After church the worshipers dispersed, and many of them did not reach their homes until night."

HANK WAS ALL RIGHT.

But the Squire Was Doubtful About His Integrity Being Unassailable.

"I never took to a man as I did to Hank Stuffer. He moved in here without makin no noise about it, and they hain't no better neighbor in th' county."

It was Farmer Waddy that was doing the talking, and the squire of the township only interrupted to ask whether the farmer had ever missed any chickens or shotes before Hank settled in the vicinity.

"No, I never did," admitted Waddy, "but I never lost nuthin of th' kind afore you got that new man of yours. I'd trust Hank Stuffer with my life, squire."

"Don't be too confidin," insisted the squire. "Many's th' apple I've seen that looked perfec' on th' outside, but was rotten at th' core. Hank seems all right, but I wouldn't be surprised no day to see him fetched up afore me. Things hain't right in this communerty since he jined it."

"That's so, but there's a million things happened outside of Hank's comin. His folks couldn't eat all th' things what's stole, an he don't sell nuthin."

"Watch him," insisted the squire. And he took his leave with a fine imitation of the man who looks after the morals of the entire neighborhood.

Farmer Waddy did watch, and he hired others to help him watch. If this were fiction, it would be the squire or his new man who was trapped. But truth is an exacting mistress. It was a worthless fellow living in a log hermitage that was doing all the stealing. It hasn't the slightest bearing on the case that he was selling all the plunder to the squire at half price.—Detroit Free Press.

"Hard Bread" Rarely Sent Back.

"Now, if the baker sends us a loaf of stale bread," said the old soldier, "we send it back. But, dear me, we didn't often do anything of that sort in the army. We didn't get very much soft bread anyway—that is, regular bread. What we had mostly was hard bread, sometimes called hard tack—a kind of cracker, like soda cracker in shape, and not unlike it in appearance, but thicker. And hard bread of good quality and not more than a month old wasn't bad. In fact, it was very good. It was only when we got some that was very old, and that had foreign creatures boring in it, so that you had to knock it against something before eating it, that anybody growled, and even then we rarely sent it back. Sometimes if it was very bad the regimental quartermaster would send back the whole lot and draw new if he could. But oftener we kept it, and you could throw it away if you wanted to, but that was all.

"Still, our outdoor life was conducive to good appetites, and after all one could have a poorer breakfast than moldy, hard bread and coffee. For instance, nothing."—New York Sun.

A Limited Monarchy.

Mr. Bluff (host at a little dinner of male friends)—Yes, gentlemen, I hold that every man should be master of his own house. There is no other way. Well, as you are all through, gentlemen, suppose we adjourn to the library for a smoke?

Waggish Guest—Why not smoke here in this grand old dining hall?

"Um! Mrs. Bluff won't let us."—New York Weekly.

Uncle Allen's Advice.

"If you have any tears to shed over the sufferings of the destitute," observed Uncle Allen Sparks, "don't shed them until you have sent a bundle of food and clothing to the sufferers. And then," added Uncle Allen, as the idea grew upon him, "you won't need to shed them."—Chicago Tribune.

GRANT AND CONFEDERATE.

The Commander's Consideration For a Wounded Officer of the Enemy.

The following anecdote is related by General Horace Porter in his "Campaigning With Grant," in The Century: While riding about the field General Grant stopped at a house and expressed a desire to prepare some dispatches. A number of wounded were lying upon the porch and in the rooms. They had made their way there in accordance with the usual custom of wounded men to seek a house. It seems to be a natural instinct, as a house conveys the idea of shelter and of home. I walked with the general into a back room to see whether there was a dry spot which he might take possession of for a short time to write messages and look over the maps.

As we entered there was seen sitting in the only chair a Confederate lieutenant of infantry who had been shot in the left cheek, the ball passing through his mouth and coming out near the right ear. A mass of coagulated blood covered his face and neck, and he presented a shocking appearance. He arose the moment we entered, pushed his chair forward toward the general and said, with a bow and a smile, "Here, take my chair, sir." General Grant looked at him and replied: "Ah, you need that chair much more than I. Keep your seat. I see you are badly hurt." The officer answered good naturedly: "If you folks let me go back to our lines, I think I ought to be able to get a leave to go home and see my girl. But I reckon she wouldn't know me now." The general said, "I will see that one of our surgeons does all in his power for you," and then stepped out of the room. He told one of the surgeons who was dressing the wounds of our men to do what he could for the Confederate. We did not hear what became of him afterward. He probably never knew that he had been talking to the general in chief of the Yankee armies. The dispatches were afterward written in another room.

CARPET PRINTING.

When the First Experiments Were Made by John Bright.

The printing of tapestry and velvet carpets, after being woven in the white, dates back 50 or more years ago. Old carpet men will at once recall the fabric made by John Bright at Rochdale, England, and how he flooded our country with his products. Their introduction, however, was difficult, as they came in conflict with the productions of John Crossley & Sons, then the greatest producers of the original tapestry and velvets in the world. The difference, of course, between the two productions was that the Crossleys had the designs printed, as now, in colors on the warp before weaving, while that made by John Bright (tapestry) had its figures and colors stamped upon the fabric by hand after it was woven. The latter process, however, presented a drugget effect and lacked the style and accurate registration of the Crossley carpets. They had one thing to commend them—they were very durable. Bright's goods were first printed with blocks, and, being durable and cheap, their sale was large in many countries.

Cylinders or rollers were afterward used by Bright, the cue being taken from calico and kindred printing, but they varied much in their construction. One of these, used by an English manufacturer, was a very elaborate and expensive affair. The engraving of the design upon the cylinder was very deep, and the colors placed in their proper places to correspond precisely with the fabric itself, a painted design, containing every color to be employed, being used as a guide. In fact, the exact coloring of the carpet was placed upon the cylinder and from it transfered to the plain fabric.—American Carpet and Upholstery Journal.

A Bridge Kept In Repair by Mussels.

The byssus, or silky beard, by which the mussel moors itself to the stone, is a familiar object of our sea rocks. It is in its nature like the silk of the silkworm and exudes in a glutinous thread from an organ at the base of the foot.

The following is an instance in which the mooring of the mussel was useful to effect a purpose which human skill could not accomplish. A large bridge, with 20 arches, in the town of Biddeford, in Devonshire, crosses the Torridge river near the spot of its junction with the Taw.

The tide flows so very rapidly here that it was found impossible to keep the bridge in repair by means of mortar. The corporation therefore keeps boats employed in bringing mussels to it, and the interstices of the bridge are filled by hand with these mussels.

It is supported from being driven away by the tide entirely by the strong threads which these mussels fix to the stonework, and by an act or grant it is a crime liable to transportation for any person to remove the mussels unless in the presence and by the consent of the corporative trustees.—Scottish Nights.

She Had Two.

A young contralto at a Handel concert which Sir Joseph Barnby was conducting at the end of a solo put in a high note instead of the less effective note usually sung. This innovation shocked the conductor, and he immediately asked whether Miss Singer thought she was right in trying to improve upon Handel. "Well, Sir Joseph," said she, "I've got an E, and I don't see why I shouldn't show it off." "Miss Singer," rejoined Barnby, "I believe you have two knees, but I hope you won't show them off here."—San Francisco Argonaut.

All Styles Supplied.

"I want a poster got out," said the commercial gentleman.

"Certainly," said the artist. "I get them up on three systems—the opium, the lobster and ice cream supper and the Welsh rabbit. Which will you have?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Society Directory

ANCIENT ORDER HIBERNIANS.

STATE OFFICERS.

State President, John T. Keating, 5610 Jackson av., Chicago, Ill.
State Vice-President, E. J. Kelly, Armory Block, Ottawa, Ill.
State Recording Secretary, Daniel McGlynn, 1238 Gaty av., East St. Louis, Ill.
State Treasurer, James Costello, Bloomington, Ill.

COOK COUNTY OFFICERS.

County President, Lawrence Henely, Twenty-seventh-st. and Lake Shore.
County Vice-President, W. J. Doherty, 1253 Forty-seventh st.
County Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth st.
County Financial Secretary, Jos. J. Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 520 West Erie st.
Sergeant-at-Arms, James Gannon.
Doorkeeper, William Barrett.
The County Board meets on the Second Sunday of each month at No. 83 Madison st., Hall 2, at 3 o'clock p. m.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

DIVISION 1.

President, M. J. Maloney, 120 Randolph st., Room 306.
Vice-President, Michael Tuohy.
Recording Secretary, J. Barry, 250 Fifth av.
Financial Secretary, William Territt, 387 South May st.
Treasurer, Jerry O'Brien.
Meets First Friday of each month in Father Mathew hall, Taylor and Miller sts., at 8 p.m.

DIVISION 2.

President, John J. Hanrahan, 3721 Vincennes av.
Vice-President, Peter E. Farrelly.
Recording Secretary, Edward Brady, 3721 Vincennes av.
Financial Secretary, Patrick J. Spallon, 2826 Calumet av.
Treasurer, Bernard Gibney.
Meets First Friday of each month in Drexel hall, 3913 Cottage Grove av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 3.

President, James J. Perkins, 561 Elston av.
Vice-President, R. T. Giblen.
Recording Secretary, Henry J. Lyons, 193 West North av.
Financial Secretary, E. S. Hanrahan, 765 Dickson st.
Treasurer, Luke H. Lyons.
Meets First and Third Mondays in Flynn's hall, cor. Robey st. and North av. at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 4.

President, Michael Blake, 708 Thirty-first st.
Vice-President, Patrick Farrell.
Recording Secretary, Martin Farrell, 2551 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, Daniel Collins, 730 S. Centre av.
Treasurer, Robert Dore.
Meets First Thursday of each month in Ryan's hall, cor. Halsted st. and Archer av., at 7:30 p. m.

DIVISION 5.

President, H. K. Jordan, 208 Centre av.
Vice-President, William Martin.
Recording Secretary, J. T. Stanton, 190 Clark st.
Financial Secretary, Thomas E. Collins, 343 Grand av.
Treasurer, J. J. Mahony.
Meets First Thursday each month in Horan's hall, Halsted and Harrison sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 6.

President, P. G. Maguire, 4465 Princeton av.
Vice-President, John Doody.
Recording Sec'y, M. Golden, 4417 Union av.
Financial Sec'y, J. F. Ryan, 722 Dexter av.
Treasurer, M. F. Fanning.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Meehan's hall, 4341 S. Halsted st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 7.

President, Wm. Sullivan, 445 S. Paulina st.
Vice-President, Patrick Behan.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Foley, 2703 Hickory st.
Financial Secretary, James E. O'Brien, 979 W. Twelfth st.
Treasurer, Mark Hardin.
Meets Second Sunday each month in Dougherty's hall, 446 W. Twelfth st., at 7:30 p. m.

DIVISION 8.

President, P. J. O'Sullivan, 180 LaSalle st.
Vice-President, Owen Devaney.
Recording Secretary, John J. Sherlock, 193 Dearcorn av.
Financial Secretary, Owen J. Cullen, 501 School st., Gross Park, Ill.
Treasurer, R. G. McHugh.
Meets First and Third Saturdays at 62 N. Clark st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 9.

President, Thomas A. Foley, 9226 Commercial av.
Vice-President, P. T. O'Sullivan.
Recording Secretary, P. M. Nelson, 9739 Escanaba av.
Financial Secretary, Thomas White, 532 Ninety-fifth st.
Treasurer, Owen Ahern.
Meets First and Third Fridays in Union Bank Building, 227 Ninety-second st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 10.

President, P. J. Cummings, 4100 State st.
Vice-President, James Small.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Horan, 704 Dexter av.
Financial Secretary, Thomas Galligan.
Treasurer, William Webb.
Meets First Friday each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 11.

President, James F. Murray, 590 W. Erie st.
Vice-President, Miles McPadden.
Recording Secretary, Thomas Quinn, 510 W. Erie st.
Financial Secretary, Daniel Kirby, 386 N. Lincoln st.
Treasurer, M. J. Connery.
Meets Second and Fourth Thursdays in Anchor hall, Grand av. and Paulina st., at 8 p.m.

DIVISION 12.

President, Rev. D. J. Crimmins, Fifty-fifth st. and Wentworth av.
Vice-President, P. B. Flanagan.
Recording Secretary, Daniel Collins, 3524 State st.
Financial Secretary, M. F. Fanning, 4226 Indiana av.
Treasurer, M. S. Finnegan.
Meets First and Third Mondays in Douglas hall, Thirty-fifth st. and Indiana av., at 8 p.m.

DIVISION 13.

President, John E. Long, 2901 Archer av.
Vice-President, P. F. Conway.
Recording Secretary, Simon J. Maloney, 3031 Pitney av.
Financial Secretary, George A. Hickey.
Treasurer, D. J. Sullivan.
Meets First and Third Thurdays in K. of P. hall, 3001 Archer av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 14.

President, P. J. Buck, 2218 Dearborn st.
Vice-President, E. J. Hanley.
Recording Secretary, John F. Wright, 50 Canalport av.
Financial Secretary, Thomas J. McGuire, 5435 LaSalle st.
Treasurer, Patrick McDonnell.
Meets First Sunday at 3 p. m. and Third Monday at 8 p. m. in Franklin hall, State and Eighteenth sts.

DIVISION 16.

President, James A. Flanagan, 311 E. Fortieth st.
Vice-President, P. Hughes.
Recording Secretary, Barney Cogan, 311 E. Fortieth st.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Meaney, 1453 W. Forty-seventh st.
Treasurer, William O'Shea.
Meets Fourth Friday each month in Bishop's hall, Forty-seventh st. and Ashland av.

DIVISION 17.

President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth av.
Vice-President, Bernard Burk.
Recording Secretary, Roger Mulcahy, 3011 Wallace st.
Financial Secretary, Joseph Burk, 309 Thirty-first st.
Treasurer, P. J. O'Brien.
Meets First Wednesday and Third Sunday in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first st. and Wentworth av

DIVISION 18.

President, Martin Loftus, 2240 W. Kinzie st.
Vice-President, Robert J. Williams.
Recording Secretary, P. J. Dineen, 2184 W. Lake st.
Financial Secretary, John Ryan, 75 Lytle st.
Treasurer, Peter O'Neill.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays at 2160 W. Lake st. at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 19.

President James, Thomas, 4527 Dryer st.
Vice-President, Thomas O'Shea.
Recording Secretary, Michael Kiniry, 3758 Butler st.
Financial Secretary, Thomas J. Waldron, 3831 LaSalle st.
Treasurer, Michael Kennedy.
Meets First Thursday each month in Qualey's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 20.

President, J. J. Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.
Vice-President, John O'Connor.
Recording Secretary, M. Sullivan, 2801 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, P. McDonald, 551 Twenty-eighth st.
Treasurer, M. D. O'Grady.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays at Twenty-ninth st. and Union av. at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 21.

President, Ed O'Connor, 1256 N. Robey st.
Vice-President, Barney Leonaard.
Recording Secretary, David Madden, 1853 N. Seeley av.
Financial Secretary, James Gayer, 1853 N. Seeley av.
Treasurer, Patrick McGowan.
Meets Second and Fourth Friday in Keuhl's hall, Clybourn and Ashland avs., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 22.

President, T. H. Finnegan, Lemont, Ill.
Vice-President, James Redmond.
Recording Secretary, Ed O'Donnell, Lemont, Ill.
Financial Secretary, John McGaulley, Lemont, Ill.
Treasurer, James Noonan.
Meets First Sunday each month in School hall, Lemont, Ill., at 2:30 p. m.

DIVISION 23.

President, W. J. Doherty, 1253 West Forty-seventh st.
Vice-President, John McGeoghehan.
Recording Secretary, P. J. O'Brien, 4951 Wood st.
Financial Secretary, James Buckley, 822 W. Forty-eighth st.
Treasurer, Patrick Grace.
Meets First Sunday each month at 4650 Ashland av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 24.

President, J. W. Farley, LaGrange, Ill.
Vice-President, M. Galvin.
Recording Secretary, W. T. Ryan, Riverside.
Financial Secretary, T. W. Breen, LaGrange.
Treasurer, Patrick Close.
Meets Second and Fourth Mondays in Grand Army hall, LaGrange, Ill., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 25.

President, William Mulligan, 723 W. Twenty-second st.
Vice-Poesident, Timothy Dunn.
Recording Secretary, Thomas Heallon, 1105 Blue Island av.
Financial Secretary, James Egan, 111 West Twenty-fifth st.
Treasurer, Joseph O'Brien.
Meets First Tuesday at 8 p. m. and Third Sunday at 2 p. m. in Flanagan's hall, Twenty-second and Robey sts.

DIVISION 26.

President, P. J. Reynolds, 5732 Dearborn st.
Vice-President, Dennis Lynch.
Recording Secretary, Hugh McNally, 345 Bristol st.
Financial Secretary, Patrick O'Neill, 5322 Dearborn st.
Treasurer, Lawrence Reynolds.
Meets 2d Saturday each month in Schell's hall, Fifty-first st. and Wentworth av., 8 p. m.

DIVISION 27.

President, John Bigane, 1974 Thirty-ninth st.
Vice-President, P. J. Morgan.
Recording Secretary, David Brodsick, 3928 Hart st.
Financial Secretary, Michael Larney, Archer and Western avs.
Treasurer, John Larney.
Meets First Saturday each month in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 28.

President, F. T. Nichol, 343 Hastings st.
Vice-President, John Flanagan.
Recording Secretary, Ed Quinn, 1487 West Congress st.
Financial Secretary, E. A. Creighton, 1259 W. VanBuren st.
Treasurer, William Ryan.
Meets First and Third Wednesday in DeSoto hall, 1292 W. VanBuren st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 29.

President, Patrick Keyas, Kensington.
Vice-President, Daniel Galvin.
Recording Secretary, William Byrne, Box 1329, Pullman, Ill.
Financial Secretary, P. J. Tully, Pullman.
Treasurer, Charles Corkery.
Meets First and Fourth Tuesdays in Holy Rosary church basement at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 30.

President, Thos. Heelan, 10810 Calhoun av.
Vice-President, J. O'Keefe.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Kerr, 10808 Torrence av.
Financial Secretary, John Conlin.
Treasurer, C. Duffy.
Meets Third Sunday each month in Link's hall, 10716 Torrence av., at 7:30 p. m.

DIVISION 31.

President, P. C. Desmond, 641 Park av.
Vice-President, James O'Neill.
Recording Secretary, A. J. Malone, 255 Walnut st.
Financial Secretary, Arthur Maguire, Park and Oakley avs.
Treasurer, Peter Kennedy.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays in Conway's hall, N. E. corner Lake st. and Western av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 33.

President, William Cunnea, 5620 Drexel av.
Pice-President, Patrick Ryan.
Recording Secretary, Thomas Clifford, 6710 Evans av.
Financial Secretary, John Foley.
Treasurer, C. Fitzgerald.
Meets First and Third Tuesdays in Forester's hall, 6512 Cottage Grove av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 34.

President, J. P. Gallagher, 13 Hastings st.
Vice-President, John Slattery.
Recording Sec'y, E. J. Rice, 595 Fulton st.
Financial Sec'y, M. J. O'Shea, 401 Washington boulevard.
Treasurer, Michael Moore.
Meets Second Saturday at 8 p.m. and Fourth Sunday at 3 p. m. in Doherty's hall, 446 West Twelfth st.

DIVISION 35.

President, John T. Sheehan, 928 38th st.
Vice-President, M. J. O'Brien.
Recording Secretary, James Gannon, 3636 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Gorman.
Treasurer, Michael Kavanaugh.
Meets First Wednesday in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 36.

President, J. T. Keating, 5610 Jackson av.
Vice-President, John J. Dwyer.
Recording Secretary, Thomas H. Ryan, 6947 Addison av.
Financial Secretary, Michael P. Breen, 336 Fifty-fifth st.
Treasurer, Andrew Ledwidge.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays in Bagley's hall, 192 Fifty-fifth st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 37.

President, John P. Dohney, 6339 Honore st.
Vice-President, James McInerney.
Recording Secretary, John P. Dineen, 6428 Morgan st.
Financial Sec'y, M. H. Hoey, 6346 Union av.
Treasurer, John R. McNamara.
Meets Second Thursday each month in Coffey's hall, Sixty-third and Halsted sts., 8 p.m.

LADIES' AUXILIARY.

DIVISION 22.

President, Miss Sabina Harkins, Lemont, Ill.
Vice-President, Miss Sara Kain.
Recording Secretary, Miss Maggie Murphy, Lemont, Ill.
Financial Secretary, Miss Minnie Cull.
Treasurer, Mrs. Mary Boyle.
Sentinel, Miss Mamie Kelleher.
Sergeant-at-Arms, Miss Maggie Mulcahy.
Meets the Second and Fourth Sunday each month in St. Patrick's hall, Lemont, at 3 p.m.

UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES.

81 SOUTH CLARK ST., ROOMS 10, 12, 14.

President, John J. Mahony.
Vice-President, J. E. Long.
Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy.
Corresponding Secretary, A. Donoghue.
Treasurer, John Roche.
Trustees, D. O'Connor, J. J. Gibbons, James C. Stratn.

Why Actors Look Young.

The ever youthful appearance of the members of the dramatic profession is a constant source of surprise to the public at large. Visitors to the Lyceum, for instance, can be heard every night commenting on the wonderfully preserved youth of Miss Ellen Terry, who, although she some years ago passed that memorable landmark in a woman's life of 40 years, might still be mistaken for a girl in the early twenties.

The same observation is made night after night at most of the other theaters, while such heroes of melodrama as Mr. William Terriss, who, on the stage, is a dashing youth of perhaps five and twenty, is in private life a middle aged man nearing the milestone of 50.

The reason for this is not so much the paint necessary to be used in making up—which obliterates, to a certain extent, the natural wrinkles of the skin, while it lubricates and nourishes it—but it is due to the change in the expression of the various emotions which every part demands. This causes the actor to bring into constant play all the muscles of his face. By using them equally they all maintain their firm consistence and strength, and none wastes away from disuse. The result is that the skin is kept stretched and tense over the face and does not fall into hollows.

The youthful appearance is, therefore, maintained off the stage, even though the actor's hair change from the youthful tint to gray, as is fast becoming the case with Mr. Terriss. This is the reason why such men as the late Charles Mathews, who did not put on flesh as he grew old, but retained his slim figure, are able to continue impersonating youthful characters until they have outlived the allotted period assigned to man by the psalmist.—Strand Magazine.

No Stage Czars.

As for Rubinstein's "Ivan the Terrible," I am sure that the real trouble lay in the introduction of Ivan on the stage. I was never told, but I am sure that I am right in stating that an unwritten law, tradition, or whatever one may call it, forbids the presentation of a Russian sovereign on the stage. Glinka's famous opera, "Life For the Czar," which is given on all imperial birthdays and national festivities, ends with a superb tableau of the entrance into the Kremlin of Moscow of the young Mikhail Feodorovitch, newly elected to the throne, the first of the Romanoff sovereigns. The whole opera is filled with the czar—in words—and the curtain descends at the exact moment when he should come in view of the audience and account for the enthusiastic cheers of his faithful subjects who are intoxicated by his presence in the wings. It would have cost only an extra horse and a suit of clothes to gratify the audience, but the czar does not appear.

Naturally this objection to an actor impersonating so sacred an individual as the czar would apply with peculiar force to so dramatic a figure as Ivan the Terrible. Any spectator who could read and was blessed with the faintest spark of memory would know that when the Muscovite czar walked off into the wings in the guise of a pious monk, chanting an anthem, he was going, according to his custom (if we are to believe the authority of history and the lists of his victims for whose souls and himself he ordered prayers to be said in perpetuity), to be a witness and possibly an assistant at the tortures of those who had displeased him and thus take a hand in proving to them the existence of—the opposite of heaven.—Lippincott's.

Thermometers.

At times of severe frost many persons not skilled in the use of thermometers report remarkably low temperatures. These are often due to the thermometric liquid having partly evaporated from the main column and condensed at the end of the tube farthest from the bulb, the thermometer then reading just as many degrees too low as there are degrees of spirit at the top of the tube. Good thermometers are just as liable to this error as common ones, and therefore every one using a spirit minimum thermometer must be on the alert. Generally the owner can restore the thermometer without sending it back to the maker. Grasp the thermometer firmly, resting a finger on the tube so that there be no vibration, and, holding the bulb downward, give several strong, pendulous swings. This will usually send the spirits from the top and send the index into the bulb. Stand the thermometer bulb downward for an hour, then reverse it and very gently shake the index out of the bulb and let it slide to the end of the column, when the thermometer will be as good as new.—New York Ledger.

Fly Feet.

The means by which a fly can creep up a pane of glass or walk on a ceiling have long been the subject of contention among scientists, some claiming that the fly foot is a sucker, others that adhesion is effected by the aid of a viscous fluid exuding from the foot, and others again that the fly walks by means of a ciliary apparatus which answers the purpose of a hook.